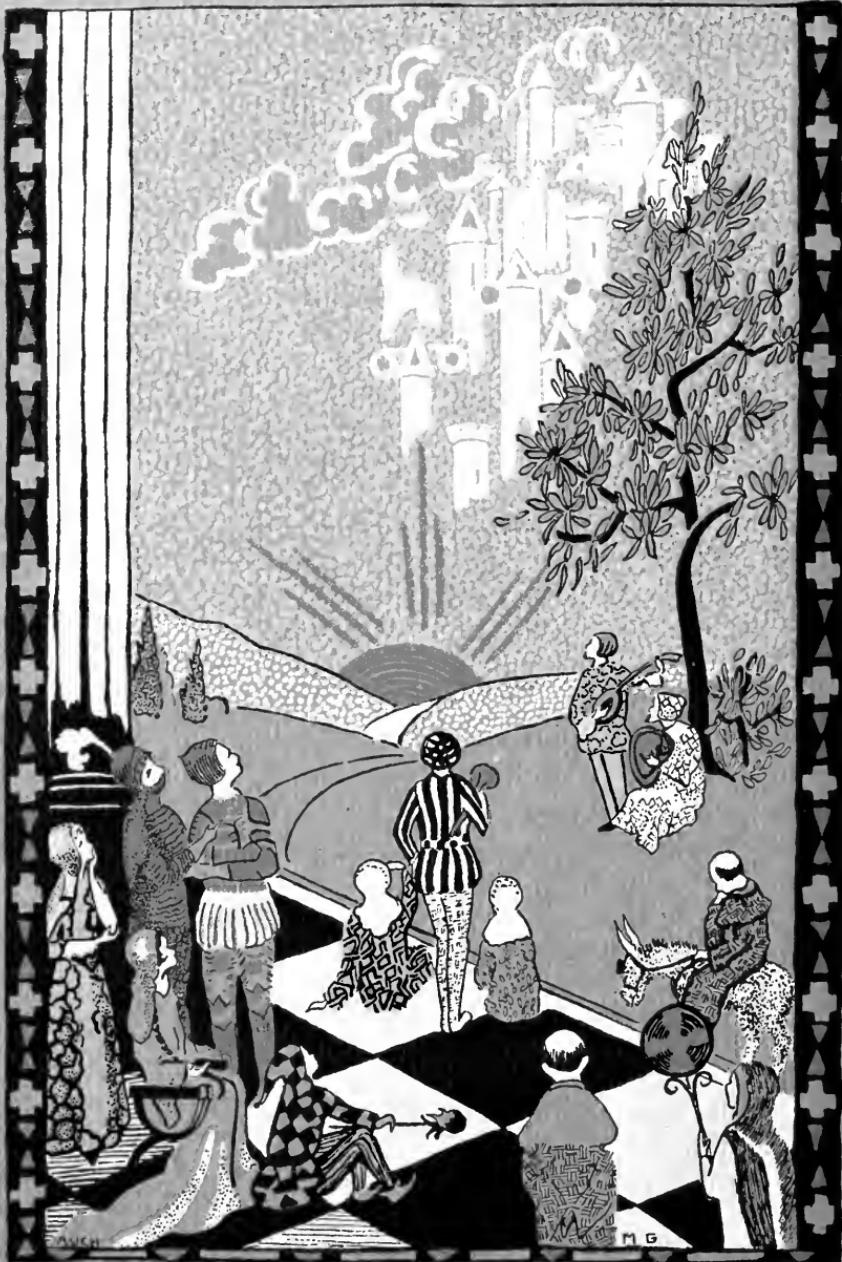






Winfred F. Eisenberg '20
Macon Baldwin College



The Bluestocking

PUBLISHED *by* THE JUNIOR CLASS
MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE



STAUNTON, VIRGINIA
1924-1925
Volume II

To

Miss Marianna Parramore Higgins

Dean of Mary Baldwin College

Principal of Mary Baldwin Seminary

who

by her administrative talent and self-sacrificing
devotion has led Mary Baldwin higher and
higher and who is our personal guide, wise
counselor and source of inspiration

do we affectionately dedicate

THE 1925 BLUESTOCKING



Miss Higgins' Office



Knighthood in Flower

In other days, "when knighthood was in flower,"
It grew not wild, a common meadow weed,
But tended well, and cherished with all care.
Much must be learned of all the chivalrous arts
Before the lad, with vows and ceremony,
Received his spurs and accolade—a knight,
Who now might ride on long and perilous quest.
But stay! behold those days are not yet gone;
Still do we train for service, for a task
As great as any quest of knight of old.
The world cries out for succor; only those
Are able who in all things, have been trained.
Behold a parable: read on and see.

—KATHARINE ALLYN SEE.

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*Resigned because of illness.

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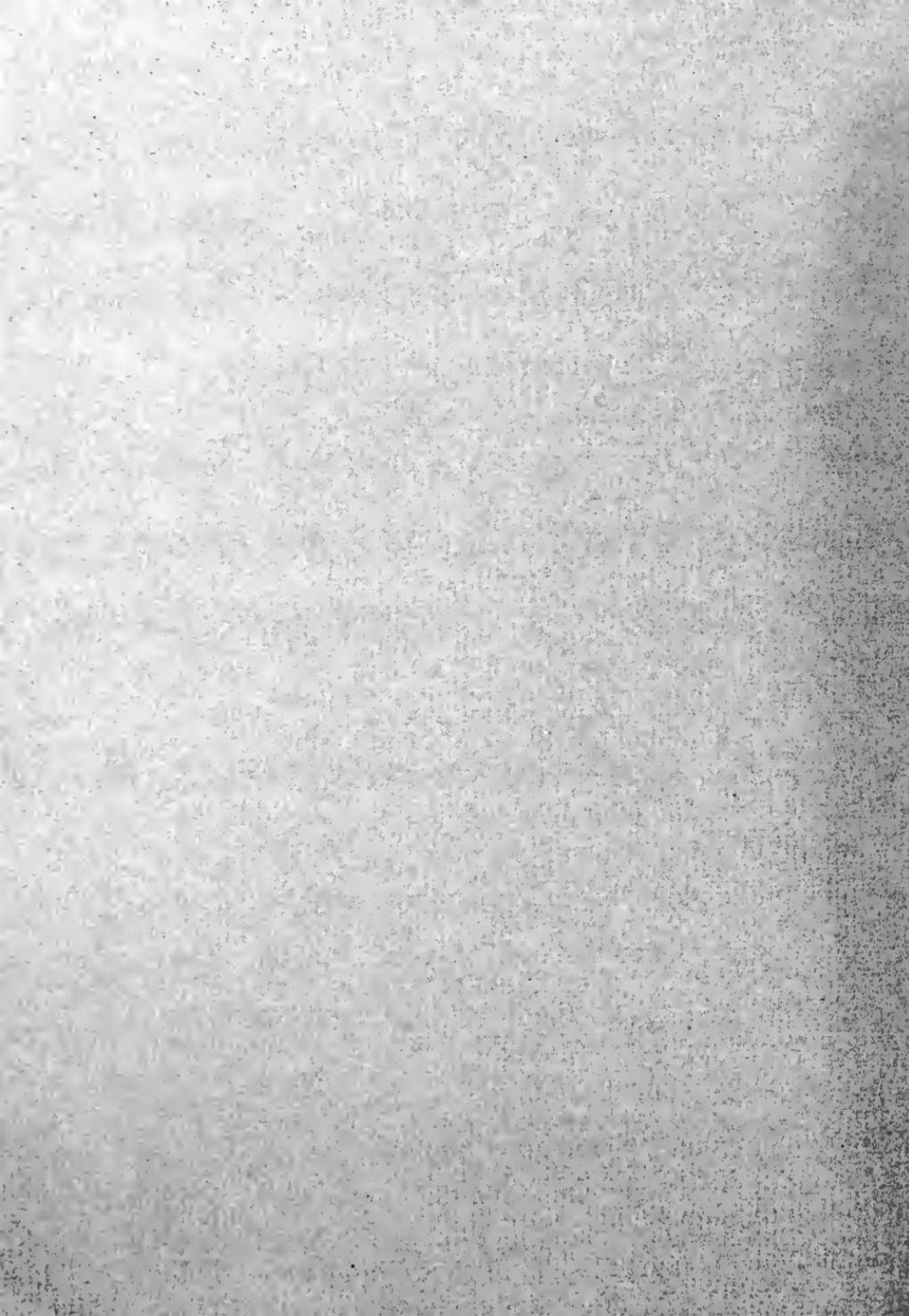
THE JESTER

JOKES



The Castle on the Hill

*I built my soul a lordly pleasure
house
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.*





At Night

IN DECEMBER





IN JUNG
(Courtesy Staunton Chamber of Commerce)



MEMORIAL HALL



DINING ROOM

THE CAMPUS AT 7:30 A. M.





"THE CHIMNEYS"

(From *Wayland's Art Folio of the Shenandoah Valley*—Used by Permission)

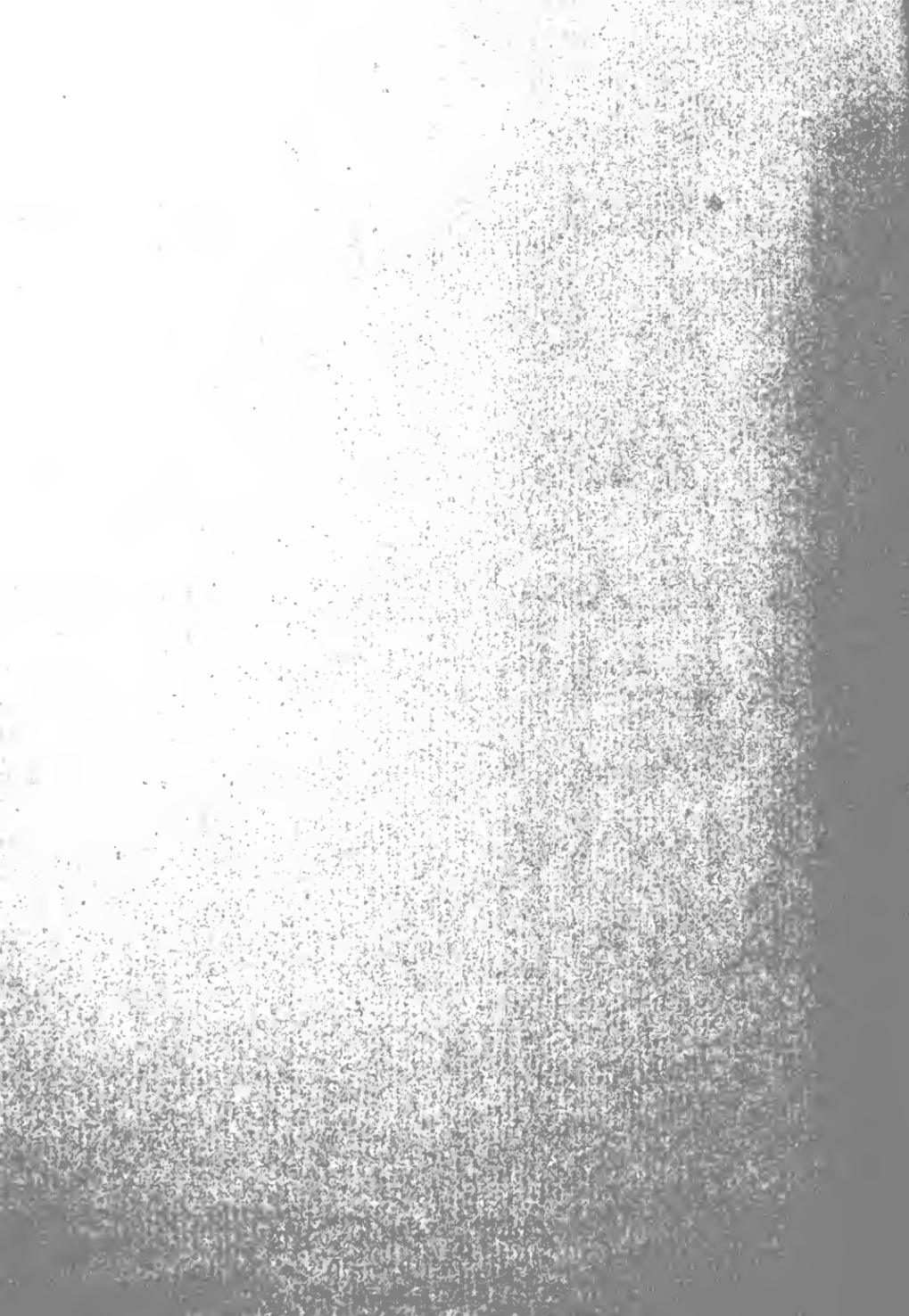


"Lily Pond," Gypsy Hill Park
(Courtesy Staunton Chamber of Commerce)



Steps to Knighthood

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin.





College Seniors

*"Be bolde, Be bolde, and
everywhere Be bolde."*

Nihil mortalibus
ardui est



College Seniors

Officers

President ROCIER CRAIG MARTIN

Secretary and Treasurer CHARLENE MADISON KIRACOFE

Honorary Member MISS MARY FRELINGHUYSEN HURLBERT

Motto

Nihil mortalibus ardui est

Flower

Mock Orange Blossoms

Colors

Old Gold and Black

Members

DOROTHY LEWIS BOWMAN

WINIFRED EISENBERG

PAULINE ELIZABETH HARRIS

CHARLENE MADISON KIRACOFE

ROCIER CRAIG MARTIN



MISS NANCY FRELINGHUYSEN HURLBURT
Honorary Member of Senior Class

DOROTHY LEWIS BOWMAN

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



Dorothy was a literary graduate of the Seminary last year, and now she gets her A. B. from the College. She is a continual source of wonder to us. How can a girl who is so popular, so much sought after in society, achieve such success in her studies? Why, she can discuss most anything intelligently, and (fortunate student!) she knows the secret of getting the most out of a book in the least time. Had she lived "when knighthood was in flower" Dot would have been named Lady Dorothy—lovely to behold with all the feminine graces. We wonder how in the world she would decide what colors to wear at the jousts and tournaments where she would be in demand. Each knight was distinguished by special colors, wasn't he? Then, how would Dorothy manage that? Perhaps it is better that she lives now rather than in the age when chivalrous gentlemen fought duels and did other rash things for a "lady faire." In other words, we are glad to have known "Dot."

WINIFRED VIRGINIA EISENBERG

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



You just naturally expect brilliancy of anyone who bears the cognomen, "Eisenberg"—and Winifred is no exception. She finished the Seminary course several years ago, and after teaching a while, returned this year to complete the course for a College degree. We do not see Winifred so very much, for the simple reason that she doesn't stop around here very long. If you are not in one or more classes with her you just see her come into the library once in a while to change books for the next class. A smile for everyone, and a cheery word of either greeting or congratulation for those whom she knows a little better than others, make a person with friends in any place. Winifred gives one the impression of ability and capacity for unlimited accomplishments. All in all, she is one of the most successful girls in the class of '25. But you will have to ask Winifred, herself, what her life's ambition is!

PAULINE ELIZABETH HARRIS

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



Pauline is one of the most accommodating and dependable girls we know. Everyone who knows her likes her for her gracious ways. Most of all, we admire her brain-power. In mathematics she shines and in other things too, she excels. You know there has been rivalry these four years—not the kind you may be thinking of, though!—but friendly rivalry between "Polly" and Charlene. Wonder who will make the highest? Most often, neither is highest, for both names are enclosed in a nice bracket. Brackets are very expressive, sometimes! "Polly" is quiet and an extremely good person in whom to confide your cares and tribulations. We think, too, there is a reason for her pensive attitude sometimes. What is his name? I am not sure, exactly, whether it is the same as "Polly's" first name with the last three letters missing, or not. Anyway, we will miss her next year.

CHARLENE MADISON KIRACOFE

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



* *Secretary of Senior Class*

When you hear footsteps approaching along the hall—quick footsteps with a peculiar accent, you know it is Charlene late for Latin class again. She is nearly always in a hurry, but when she gets where she is going, you will soon realize that she is there. She's sure to make some witty remark or ask a pertinent question, which shows that her mind is always in good working order. Charlene is really brilliant and has made an enviable record during her four years at Mary Baldwin. She has already had some experience as a teacher, so because of her ability and her amiable disposition, we predict success in her chosen vocation. We can make this prediction safely, even though we do not pretend to be prophets, for she has already been successful in more than one way. We are very much interested in what Charlene will decide to do next year, since she seems very doubtful about it now. Wonder if any institution of higher learning has offered her a chair in its English department?

Let's and lots
I know to you never
Unfinished, will
Forget our good times
Together and don't
Give either
Rocier "

ROCIER CRAIG MARTIN

RONCEVERTE, WEST VIRGINIA



President of Y. W. C. A., President of Senior Class, Cotillion Club

Here we beg to introduce you, Gentle Reader, to Capability and Character—to Rocier. You'll never regret having met her. Anyone who has achieved the feat of being twice the president of the Y. W. C. A. of Mary Baldwin is bound to be capable of leaving a few "footprints on the sands of time." And if those footprints are imprinted as firmly and permanently on the sands of time as her lovable personality is in the hearts of the faculty and students here, we could ask no more of fate.

Somehow we can not exactly feature Mary Baldwin without Rocier. It's just like trying to imagine Mary Pickford minus the curls. However, there's a bright side to everything, and they say that after five years spent in doing the same thing one acquires a habit, and all we can hope is that Rocier, from force of habit, will come back next year. Otherwise—but the "otherwise" prospect is too dismal to dwell upon.



History of '25

L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs.—VOLTAIRE.

SURTAINLY a pessimistic sub-title to a class history, but that was just put there to be disproved and to show you that the Seniors, par excellence, can quote French, even Voltaire, if necessary. It is good for our sister classes to be apprised of our surpassing wisdom—otherwise they might not recognize it. After this, one may surely expect to hear them acknowledge with awe,

"They Greek and Latin speak with greater ease
Than pigs eat acorns, and tame pigeons peas."

In addition to this hypothetical reputation for erudition the class of '25 has the distinction of being the first "class," as such to be graduated from Mary Baldwin College, since it was only last year that the curriculum was expanded to transform the Seminary into a full-fledged college. As the one graduate of '24 was too modest to designate herself by the title of "class," we appropriate to ourselves that honor.

We were organized last year, a real class quite as large as life and twice as natural, with four members, Rocier Martin, Pauline Harris, Dorothy Bowman, and Charlene Kiracofe; and this year Winifred Eisenberg, an old Seminary graduate, came back to her "foster mother" for her degree. Miss Mary Hurlburt was unanimously elected our patron, and she has been our friend as well.

Despite Voltaire's aphorism (and he may not have been thinking of a school history) the crimes and misfortunes of this quintette have been negligible. There was the usual struggle for a motto and colors that nobody had used before, the election of officers, the customary teas and banquets and entertainments by our "sister class," and the unvarying indecision finally accompanied by the selection of a school ring—and one, by the way, which will become the standard ring of M. B. C. Seniors of the future.

It is this last—the fact that in some few things we may be establishing a precedent for other Mary Baldwin College students, that makes us proud and a little fearful at being the first class to graduate from this college whose history is now in the making, and though our part in after years may seem very small, we can be glad that we were of the beginning.

—CHARLENE KIRACOFE.

The Bluestocking

Senior Catechism

1. Favorite book? "Benny the Bootblack."
2. Favorite piece of music? "The Wreck of 97."
3. Favorite movie hero? Ben Turpin.
4. Favorite way of loafing? Drinking "cokes" at Hogshead's.
5. Favorite food? Corned-beef-and-cabbage.
6. Are you engaged? Of course.
7. Favorite boy's name? Alphonso Orpheus.
8. Favorite pastime? Playing mumbling pig in history class.
9. What I dislike to hear repeated? Bells! Bells! Bells!
10. What I'm going to do when I leave college? Sell Fuller brushes.

—ROCIER.

1. Favorite book? Dictionary.
2. Favorite piece of music? "School Days."
3. Favorite movie hero? Jackie Coogan.
4. Favorite way of loafing? Any old way.
5. Favorite food? Fish on Friday.
6. Are you engaged? Too personal.
7. Favorite boy's name? Guy.
8. Favorite pastime? Worrying.
9. What I dislike to hear repeated? "You're a fool."
10. What I'm going to do when I leave college? Come back and finish.

—DOROTHY.

1. Favorite book? Pocket-book.
2. Favorite piece of music? "It Ain't Going to Rain No More."
3. Favorite movie hero? Charlie Chaplin.
4. Favorite way of loafing? Sleeping.
5. Favorite food? Anything when I'm hungry.
6. Are You engaged? Yes—to school..
7. Favorite boy's name? Tom.
8. Favorite pastime? Studying.
9. What I dislike to hear repeated? For cryin' out loud.
10. What I'm going to do when I leave college? Inflict on others what I've had inflicted on me.

—PAULINE.

The Bluestocking

1. Favorite book? "Uncle Remus."
2. Favorite piece of music? "How Come You Do Me Like You Do Do?"
3. Favorite movie hero? Ben Turpin.
4. Favorite way of loafing? Doing nothing.
5. Favorite food? Crabs.
6. Are you engaged? That should be taken for granted.
7. Favorite boy's name? Apostle Peter or Epistle Paul.
8. Favorite pastime? Making cross-word puzzles.
9. What I dislike to hear repeated? "Hurry, it's time to get up."
10. What I'm going to do when I leave college? Put in practice everything I was told not to.

—WINIFRED.

1. Favorite book? "Cross-Word Puzzles for Tiny Tots."
2. Favorite piece of music? "Little Brown Jug."
3. Favorite movie hero? Buster Keaton.
4. Favorite way of loafing? I don't loaf, thank you.
5. Favorite food? "Oh, Henry."
6. Are you engaged? Sure—to several.
7. Favorite boy's name? Silas—or Amos.
8. Favorite pastime? Time passed.
9. What I dislike hearing repeated? "Don't be a Billy goat."
10. What am I going to do when I finish college? "Keep on."

—CHARLENE.



The Bluestocking

Life

Class Poem

By DOROTHY L. BOWMAN

Do you know the world of sorrows—do you know that teeming strife,
Where men are seeking, striving, struggling all the time,
Where there's no thought of others—where greed's the creed of life,
Where horror's bought and paid for oft' with crime?
There beyond the border of the sheltered lives we live
Lies a world that's different from the one we've known;
There success, and fame, and fortune are for sale; men give
Heart-aches, ruined ideals, and sad pain in payment.

Then into this world of chaos,
World of sadness and of pathos,
Restless wander we, equipped with theories lone,
Primed with conceit and eagerness
That soon shall turn to bitterness,
Across the threshold—into a life unknown.

There ideals shall be shattered—youthful idols toppled o'er,
School-day theories will explode at touch of Fact;
And dreams that once we cherished shall dissolve forevermore,
When exposed to life's relentless, bold attack.
Standards that we raised and clung to, through the era of our youth
Some few shall cling to still, some cast away—
In the battle of the ages—that of Falsehood versus Truth—
For us in the fray there's a place left vacant.

But from each bursting bubble,
From each newly-conquered trouble
Arises something worth the shedding of the blood.
Into the wake of vanished dreams,
Lost ideals and old régimes
Appears the immortal image of our God.

Seminary Seniors



*Your sweet faces make
good fellows fools
and traitors.*

**Esse quam
videri.**



Seminary Senior Class

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<i>Vice-President</i>LOUISE BOWEN
<i>Secretary</i>NANCY MOFFETT
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MISS ABBIE MORRISON MCFARLAND

Class Patron

Flower

Crimson and Golden Tulips

Colors

Crimson and Gold

Motto

Esse quam videri

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MARGUERITE HANCOCK		KATHERINE SOMERS



MISS ABBIE MORRISON MCFARLAND
Senior Class Patron

Abbie M. McFarland

*"Best for you and
you're such a
winner!"*



LOUISE STUART BOWEN

BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA

Literary Graduate

VICE-PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS

We know it's always proper to say nice things about seniors and the Prince of Wales, but when we say that "Bunny" has one of the best dispositions of any girl we know it is not to follow a mere custom. Who could keep from liking Bunny Bowen? She's just like that "Rose-Marie" that John McCormick's howling about, "all who learn to know her love her." But he doesn't mention noses, and Bunny's specialty happens to be her lily white nose.

Bunny's a care free girl—nothing ever seems to worry her. We believe she could go all day with an eyelash in her eye and blink only now and then.

What would we have done without Bunny's funny little laugh! A queer, delightful little laugh all her own. Brains! Well, the very fact that she's graduating in the academic course (which is no easy route) proves their presence.



MARY VIRGINIA BULL

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Literary Graduate

VICE-PRESIDENT Y. W. C. A., COTILLION
CLUB, MEMBER OF BASKETBALL
TEAM, PRESIDENT OF SENIOR
CLASS, BLUESTOCKING
STAFF, MONOGRAM
CLUB

Above guile and deceit, absolutely sincere and frank. Ah, fair readers, to be so considered is to be universally respected. Just let me introduce you to "Jinks." She may be hard to locate, for she's such a popular person. Upon search one might find her hard at work in the gym, practicing basketball with might and main, or on the tennis courts, serving balls like a second Helen Wills. Maybe this splendid lass will be weeping glycerin tears or uttering harsh laughs up in chapel, merely rehearsing for next Saturday night, where "Jinks" will portray a tender Pierrette or a grotesque hunchback.

And now the scene changes. The background is a blackboard covered with strange figures. The most mysterious of these mysterious figures is "Jinks," for she excels in math, and entertains great hopes of being presiding genius of the math department of some lucky school in the near future.

Look up her record. We think it unique, and always she has been charming, attractive, and ready to do anything for the glory of old Mary Baldwin.



KATHLEEN COLEMAN GOODLOE

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Literary Graduate

“Miss Goodloe, can you add anything to that?” “Well, a—no—, I don’t believe there is anything more.” Kathleen has been dreaming again! The subject of her day-dreams must be very, very pleasing. It reminds us of the days when fair maidens dreamed of knights on white chargers—and modern girls are still looking for Galahads and Launcelots, all rolled into one! If anyone at Mary Baldwin wants to know the name, and so forth, of a certain young man, “Ask Kitty Goodloe, she’ll know.” These days, brave and daring knights do not wear coats of mail: they wear clothes with a military air—you know, like those worn at Staunton or Augusta Military Academy! Kitty never lets school bore her, for she has lots of other things to take her mind off that. Of course, some things have to be done, and she always does them, creditably, so we really envy this popular young lady. What puzzles us is—if Cupid should be following Kitty, who would be the party of the second part? Cupid would be leading a strenuous life!



MARY ELIZABETH RICHARDSON

O'KEEFFE, WEST VIRGINIA

Literary Graduate

Now, we hate to accuse any of our illustrious graduates of being greedy, but how else can we hope to account for the fact that Elizabeth manages to pass—and, please notice, pass with credit—her dozen or so classes if she wasn't a bit greedy when Mother Nature passed the brains around?

But her studiousness has been quite a loss to us. We don't get an opportunity to see much of her and, as the adage puts it, "You can't see too much of a good thing." Elizabeth is a very charming, attractive, and likeable girl. Now, I dared not trust my own judgment in making the above statement, though it seemed apparent enough. I went to her room-mates with, "What do you think about Elizabeth?"

"Think?" came the almost indignant reply. "Think?" We know! She is the sweetest girl and the best room-mate ever."

EDITOR'S NOTE:—And room-mates know!



MARGUERITE HANCOCK

APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA

Graduate in Voice

MEMBER OF Y. W. C. A. COMMITTEE,
CHORAL CLUB, COTILLION CLUB,
Y. W. C. A. CABINET

The height of ridiculousness, in our mind, is to be allotted three inches of space to tell the world about a girl like Marguerite. One could write a set of books and index her many attractions in alphabetical order. First would come her charm. Charm and Marguerite are fast friends. Humor, too, clamors to be applied to her. And looks! Whether Marguerite is a stunning-looking girl or a likewise-looking man, "It's all the same to us." With a personality that would please even the fastidious Madame Glyn, and poise that would be the envy of the Queen of Roumania, there is only one thing left for Marguerite to be, and that is a musician, and most of all this is what she is. Her voice is our pride and joy, and chief delight. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Marguerite can also play the piano (to say nothing of kettle drums!) She is the loudest part of the school orchestra, and all we need to do is shut our eyes to think Sousa's band is swinging down the avenue.



MARY CRAWFORD McCOLLUM

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Graduate in Voice

COTILLION CLUB, BLUESTOCKING STAFF,
CHORAL CLUB, SECRETARY-TREAS-
URER OF SENIOR CLASS

You know the lines in a current song
that run something like this:

"I've still got lots of vitality,
And that's the thing that counts today."

Well, that certainly describes "Bud." Have you ever noticed that when the music is exceptionally good down in the gym, it's usually Bud at the piano? And have you ever seen Bud dance that strange concoction of good steps and pointed wit (for, being the greenest of green Irish, the girl has humor to match)? But it is on the stage that she excels, and whether the selection she sings be an old classic like *Berceuse* or the more modern *Tea for Two*, her voice will one day make Galli Curci look to her laurels. Not only does her voice distinguish Bud. She has the rare distinction of being the only Yankee in her class, and on the whole lives up to that distinction pretty well. But Yankee or no Yankee, Bud is one of the most attractive and accomplished blossoms Mary Baldwin ever turned out.



ANNE ISABEL ALVIS

FISHERSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Graduate in Piano

Dark brown hair, brown eyes, well, a typical brunette. That is Isabel! You could not see this "petite" maiden without noticing those twinkling brown eyes—the charm, irresistible. Who would want to resist a combination of beauty and musical talent? Certainly, the modern followers of good King Arthur do not even make the attempt. Isabel is very popular (this word is much over-worked, but in some cases, it is absolutely the only word which suits the subject we are discussing), but she has been able to overcome that, and is now a graduate in piano! We have not had the opportunity of knowing Isabel very intimately, for she lives some miles from Staunton and does not tarry with us often, except during recitation hours. Perhaps she will return to Mary Baldwin next year, and then we can become better acquainted. But we cannot forget soon the girl with the "laughing eyes," and shy, attractive manner.



KATHARINE BANNER HOWARD

TARBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Graduate in Piano

COTILLION CLUB, MEMBER OF

Y. W. C. A. COMMITTEE

"Kat" is one of those fortunate persons who has a superabundance of that intangible something—personality. Even those who know her best feel that they know her but little. For there is much to know. Anyone who knows her at all will admit that, the more you know Kat the more you want to know this exceedingly different young lady. Dance? That goes without saying. And she has perfected this art like a typical North Carolinian. Those who have danced with her know this is not a slam. And those who have not done so—only have to have this pleasure once to find out what a compliment it really is.

Did some one say could she play the piano? The next best thing to hearing Kat Howard is to hear "Rachmaninoff"!!



BONNIE DALE KELLY

IVERNESS, FLORIDA

Graduate in Piano

RECORDING SECRETARY OF Y. W. C. A.,
CHORAL CLUB

What's in a name? Well, bonny Bonnie, for instance. Who would suit that name better than our Bonnie? Sweet, reserved, and rather shy—but just try to argue with her and you'll find her mighty firm in her convictions. Bonnie is an ethereal lass, and walks with her head in the clouds. We hope that Bonnie will always believe that life is just a long, sweet dream as she does now, and that she will not come to earth with such a big bump. But really, now, she *can* play a piano. Just give her a chance and let her shake her head to the rythm of the music, and you'll realize that she has that divine spark—genius. She is a wonderfully versatile young miss, for not only does her playing hold us spellbound, she sings, and is one of Expression's pride and joy. To all of us Bonnie Dale has endeared herself with her smile, thoughtfulness, and winsome ways.



'LOUISA BLANCHE KOCHTITZKY

MT. AIRY, NORTH CAROLINA

Graduate in Piano

COTILLION CLUB, MEMBER OF Y. W.
C. A. COMMITTEE

It was a rustic tavern of "merrie olde England." Two hunters in fine clothes have just entered and knocked the floor with their guns (did anyone say anything about anachronisms?) to attract the bar-maid's attention. "Hie thee, buxom maiden, fetch us a tankard of ale. Zounds, John," turning to his companions, "didst see those ankles peering beneath the maid's blue skirt? Ah, those ankles, those ankles, my kingdom for those ankles! I say, come hither, maid, a kiss from thy cheery lips for a poor knight weary from the chase."

"Nay, nay, sir knight," replied the maid, rolling those big brown eyes of hers to the usual good advantage. "My kisses are for no man, unless I am his wife."

"His wife! But I—I am the king. What can a bar-maid offer to become the wife of a king?"

"Ah, your royal highness, I had in truth, not inspired so high. Yet can I cry like a tiny baby, and thou shouldst see me dance as the Dutch. Verily, my lord, I am a fetching Gretchen. Give me a quill and I can show thee a rare drawing. Your majesty, pray what more do I need to offer to become the queen, thy wife?"

"Enough, enough," the poor king had already succumbed to the twinkle in her eye and the dimple in her cheek. "I am convinced. Step out into my chariot—my queen."

And we, who for two years have known and loved and immensely enjoyed Louisa, did not question the wisdom of the king's choice.



NANCY OPHELIA MOFFETT

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Graduate in Piano

SECRETARY OF SENIOR CLASS

If we were asked to mention the adjective which we think most descriptive of this talented girl, we would reply, unanimously, with this word—"sweet." Don't you think it belongs to Nancy? She is very like our ideal of what a girl should be—pretty, gracious, intelligent—in all a very winsome maid. She possesses a charmingly distinctive personality and never fails to impress those with whom she comes in contact. Those who know Nancy feel that she has given up at least some enjoyable features of her busy social life in order to develop more fully this particular talent—music. "Music hath charms." When you hear her play, you are reminded anew of the truth of this quotation. We hope Nancy will capture the heart of the fairest and truest knight when he comes riding by in his new model automobile. If that does not fulfill her heart's desire, then we do not know what to wish.



MARY KATHARINE SOMERS

BURKEVILLE, VIRGINIA

Graduate in Piano

COTILLION CLUB, MEMBER OF

Y. W. C. A. COMMITTEE

Though her "music hath charms to soothe a savage beast," Katty's beaming countenance and "cuteness" in themselves are sufficient to dispense all signs of savagery. We can easily understand Daniel in the lions' den when we turn our thoughts "Katty-ward." A veritable court jester, full of bells, tinkles, and jingles. Now, I ask you, is there such a thing as being "down in the mouth" around Katty? Not unless your face froze that way in your early youth. Katty is always terribly funny, whether she is on our own level, or up on the stage, as big as life and twice as natural.

But what we most love Katty to do is to approach the piano, arrange her music, adjust her glasses, and play. All we ask is that she never stop, just play and *play!* To sum her up is to repeat those famous words which Katty even admits herself, "Kind of she's nice."



ISABELLE WINE

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

Graduate in Piano

MEMBER OF CHORAL CLUB

And pity 'tis, ye ancient bards who sang of old of wine, women, and song, did not live to see the union of your three themes in fair Isabelle Wine—we find it in her name and our intoxication of delight merely increases as we find out, in her case, "what's in a name." Women—no one can deny that Isabelle is a very charming woman. And song—have you heard her sing? Or play the piano? No? Then you have yet to learn of what divine chords music can be composed.

We raise our glasses high—very high—and propose a toast to the Wine, Woman, and Song of Mary Baldwin. Here's to Isabelle.



MILDRED SINCLAIR GATES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Graduate in Art

Y. W. C. A. CABINET, SECRETARY AND
TREASURER OF COTILLION CLUB, AS-
SISTANT EDITOR OF "CAMPUS COM-
MENTS," CHORAL CLUB

To say that "Micky" can draw, is true, but only half-way true. To show how clever she is, it is rumored that Micky's first effort in drawing was on a cracked slate. She employed the crack to serve as a streak of lightning. To say that Micky can act is also true, but not quite all. No one makes a better misunderstood hero than Micky, for she can always make her audience understand and still leave the rest of the cast in total darkness. To say that Micky can sing is a truthful statement, too, as truths run. She sounds like Keith's Circuit—nothing short of it. And Micky *can* dance. She is often a graceful Spaniard, a noisy clogger, or a Follies' girl.

So the *real* truth about Micky is that she's a talented girl who can draw, act, sing, and dance, and the possessor of a magic pen from which flows a variety of wit and humor. Now, we ask you, can you think of anything Micky can't do? We can't.



HELEN LEE MORGAN

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

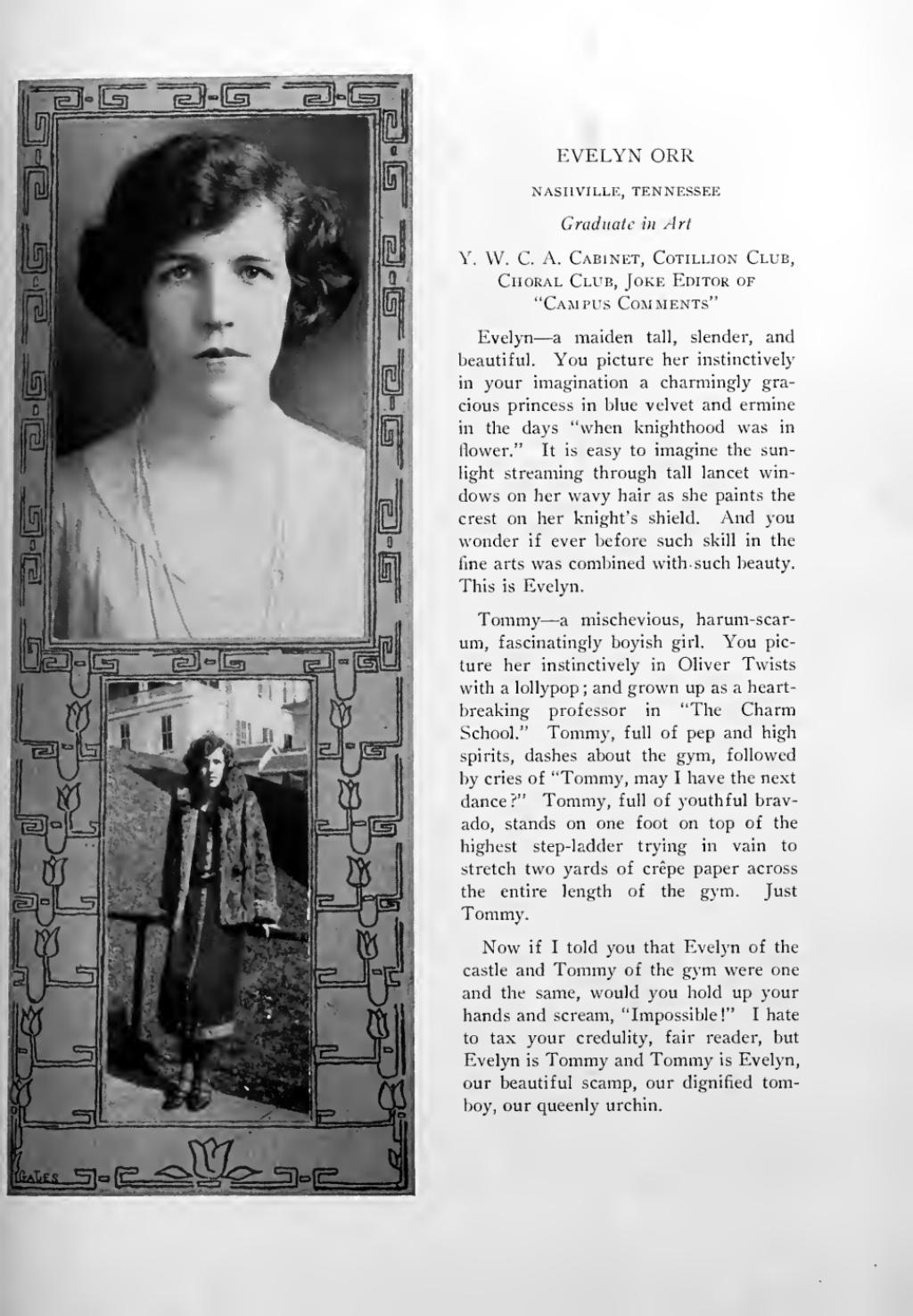
Graduate in Art

COTILLION CLUB, MEMBER OF Y. W.

C. A. COMMITTEE

Another Helen. All we need is another Troy to destroy in order to show our appreciation—and a blazing Troy would be but a small estimate of what we think of Helen's worth. She is as graceful in face and form as her far-famed predecessor. And talented? I ask you, have you ever seen her dance—or the studio masterpieces that come from her hand! Yet we admit there might be others even as gifted as she, but where, oh where can you find such talent coupled with the naïveté and artlessness which makes Helen so delightfully artful in gaining our affections? When we see this unique combination elsewhere, we will be convinced. 'Til then—we might as well be from Missouri.

Now I'm not exaggerating and I have no intention of exaggerating—such subjects as the one I am handling defy exaggeration. It is the simple truth that when we want anything done well, willingly, and artistically we go to Helen. And such a thing as a refusal of her aid has never been known. When anything worth while is given at Mary Baldwin there's a trace of Helen's finger in the pie—and generally more than a trace. We couldn't do without her.



EVELYN ORR

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Graduate in Art

Y. W. C. A. CABINET, COTILLION CLUB,
CHORAL CLUB, JOKE EDITOR OF
"CAMPUS COMMENTS"

Evelyn—a maiden tall, slender, and beautiful. You picture her instinctively in your imagination a charmingly gracious princess in blue velvet and ermine in the days "when knighthood was in flower." It is easy to imagine the sunlight streaming through tall lancet windows on her wavy hair as she paints the crest on her knight's shield. And you wonder if ever before such skill in the fine arts was combined with such beauty. This is Evelyn.

Tommy—a mischevious, harum-scarum, fascinatingly boyish girl. You picture her instinctively in Oliver Twists with a lollypop; and grown up as a heart-breaking professor in "The Charm School." Tommy, full of pep and high spirits, dashes about the gym, followed by cries of "Tommy, may I have the next dance?" Tommy, full of youthful bravado, stands on one foot on top of the highest step-ladder trying in vain to stretch two yards of crêpe paper across the entire length of the gym. Just Tommy.

Now if I told you that Evelyn of the castle and Tommy of the gym were one and the same, would you hold up your hands and scream, "Impossible!" I hate to tax your credulity, fair reader, but Evelyn is Tommy and Tommy is Evelyn, our beautiful scamp, our dignified tomboy, our queenly urchin.



1) Heard 2) Dining
3) Kitchen 4) Bed
5) Living room 6) Wash
7) Laundry 8) Sink
9) Garage 10) Stairs
11) Porch 12) Front door
13) Back door 14) Back porch

ANNA HARRIET SHEWMAKE

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Graduate in Expression

**Y. W. C. A. CABINET, CHORAL CLUB,
COTILLION CLUB, BLUESTOCKING**

STAFF

Now, since this BLUESTOCKING is transplanting us to the days of Knighthood—here's a girl who fits into the plan of things most admirably. Can't you imagine her as the fair medieval maiden, tall and stately, smiling down on Lord this and Lord that? Here in this present day world I fear we could hardly get along without her. Anna's tall form dancing backwards fifty miles an hour across the gym floor, Anna playing the Collegiate boy on the stage, Anna a thousand and one other places, amusing us all. Speaking of Anna on the stage—well, you don't know your Mary Baldwin until you've heard her recite.

Fine as her work in expression is, it is not there that we shall miss her most. Have you ever noticed how, when the rest of us have a bad case of blues, Anna is still laughing and singing as usual? Then—here's a cup to one of the most popular of "Ye Senior Maides."



Day in the Shenandoah Valley

CLASS POEM

By ANNA HARRIET SHEWMAYE

When from the hills chill mists melt away
And on wings of the dawn comes the traveler, Day
In the glory of youth, she flies spirit high,
And the mountains, God's fingers, point toward the sky.

Day has gone, oh, so eagerly, so fast, through the valley,
That the heat of the noon makes her tire of the journey;
But with rain comes relief and forth she will sally,
A little the wiser nor will hurry so madly.

She wraps in the cloak of a cloud as she goes
And it, the wind blows now open now closed
Making the valley first dark and then bright;
But the mountains are steadfast and point to a height!

Can Day reach that height to which they point?
With darkness of night comes the dreary doubt
Could she attain the summit whose towering peak gave
Her strength and courage, and made her scornful of a grave.

The cloak for the traveler, too heavy to bear
With a lingering look, bespeaking despair
Day from the west, gives a bright smile,
Casts the cloak from her, forgets the long mile.

Oh dear twenty-five when in the mountains roaming
Whether in the bright or in the dusky gloaming
Look not on the ground for Day's discarded cloak
Look to where God's fingers point, and hope
From these very mountains you have found
The lesson, trust their judgment sound.

The Bluestocking



Senior Class History

EALLY this task assigned to me would be a good one for Gals-worthy. Isn't he the one who wrote about the *White Monkey*, or something? Now that wasn't kind—but it's the fault of the people I'm writing about. Miss Higgins has told us upon several occasions very fittingly that we all write our own history, so I suggested that the class record their own historical documents, but my offer met with prompt and emphatic refusal. So I have to take all the blame for this.

In the first place, my memory is poor and I regret that I can't state definitely, as so many of my predecessors have done, that when we arrived we were greeted by Ham and Jam, because it's been so long ago that I've forgotten whether they were there or not. Even Jinks Bull, who arrived a year before I did, can't remember! Sad—but alas it's true!

But enough of this—I'll hie me to the history at hand. Jinks Bull, our venerable president, a truly sweet Virginian of the dancing and clever variety, was the first of our hardy band to arrive. She withstood the rigors of our first year, rat week, etc.—rat week being the most formidable. The next, Tommy Orr and the writer arrived to cast their lots with the many others who came seeking knowledge. Little would you dream, looking at Tommy, that she spent the entire first day sitting on a trunk outside her door with her hat and coat on, surrounded by bags and hatboxes and that all of Miss Williamson's sympathy and supply of dry handkerchiefs at needy intervals, were not sufficient to check her copious tears. Never before or since have I seen any one person weep so abundantly. But we, too, survived the rigor of those first days and the terrible rat week, which I'm sure lasted weeks, and have lived to sniff condescendingly each year and assure "the rats" that they got off quite easy, that they should have been here our first year! Oh, how we longed for that time when we could take our turn at rattering!

Soon that time came and we returned with dire vengeance in our eyes. There came to us then—although we did not know at that time that they were to be our fellow classmates—Helen Morgan from Texas but no cowboy, Bonnie Kelly from Florida but no lemon, Louise Bowen, the vamp of West Virginia, Marguerite Hancock, the only one of its kind in captivity, Kat Howard, Mickey Gates—joy and pep personified, Isabelle Wine, Elizabeth Richardson, and Anna Harriet Shewmake—a Georgia cracker. Oh my!—how we delighted in making them work, all unconscious that they would some day, namely, any day, in fact, all days this year, be working as hard as we are for our diplomas. Had we known we might have had compassion on them—who knows?

A decorative banner for "The Bluestocking" magazine. It features two stylized figures on either side, possibly representing women, with wings and flowing hair. The figure on the left has a sign on its chest that says "mss". The figure on the right has a sign on its chest that says "msc". Above the figures, the word "The" is written in a cursive script, and below them, "Bluestocking" is written in a larger, bold, serif font.

Perhaps it was some subconscious kindred spirit, or something—whatever it was—we felt quite smitten with Anna Harriet's red hair—sh! don't let Anna hear that!—and with Marguerite's "strikingness," there's no such word, but I have to coin one to fit Marguerite. You simply have to see her—(blush). And we felt curiously drawn to Helen Morgan's vivid personality and l-o-v-e-l-y curly hair. It took us a long time to find out that she could dance—but when we did—well—we'd have her doing "a dance of Spring by a little girl throwing roses" all the time if she could be persuaded to come out of her modest shell! It is only rarely that she can be persuaded to show her talent off—but then, oh my! But how 'bout the bunch of pep presented to us in the form of Mickey? There is only one Mickey. She puts on all the clever things that happen—and she works, oh, so hard! Versatile describes her. Singing, dancing, and mimicking is her long suit—very clever and sweet! Elizabeth Richardson, well, she sure deserves commendation, whole bushels, she studies 'n' studies 'n' studies, and in spite of her paltry dozen studies or so—she manages to keep her good humor and smile! Truly we're proud of her. And Isabelle Wine—well, you sure should hear her play a piano. Not *very* good, would you say? Isabelle is so quiet that we feel we hardly know her. But I'm willing to bet that under her *Mona Lisa* expression there is much we are not shown. She's mighty sweet, the part of her we do know! But one look at Bonnie Dee and she's an artist to her finger tips! She has temperament and a lovely sunny disposition reflected in her golden, sunshiny hair. She's absolutely a darlin' and besides playing a piano like Paderewski she sings! And then Bunnie Bowen, good old Bunnie. Without a doubt she's the best-natured girl in school! She never worries, nothing bothers her! She takes life with a smile—and she's a dear! She just misses being late every place she goes. And then Kat Howard—good-looking thing—black hair and eyes and a "come get me" look, and they all fall! She'll play the piano in the hall of fame one day—and I'll bet some of the famous ones come to life and do a Highland fling.

Then last year Louisa Kochitzky and Kat Somers appeared before our startled eyes and caused us to open 'em wide. Louisa with her baby face and voice manages to get her way. She can play a piano like nothing human, and cute—whoo whee! She sure is plenty of that. Cute and cute-looking—that's a combination hard to beat! She's from Mt. Airy, North Carolina. And Kat Somers, well, she's one of the cutest girls I know. When Kat wrinkles up her nose, and closes her eyes and laughs—then everyone has to laugh! She bubbles over with good humor—and boy! can she play a piano? Well, not much! They sure all step when she "rags" in the gym.

I mustn't forget the members of our illustrious band who are town girls. Kitty Goodloe, who takes all the subjects in school with perfect facility and has time to go to all the dances at all the nearby schools! She doesn't miss a one—and

The Bluestocking

—we don't know, but we hear she breaks many hearts. Isabel Alvis gets a diploma in music, and from what we hear on practise hall she deserves it. I guess her snappy brown eyes serve her well—and anyway she always gets whole armfuls of red roses from *someone* every recital. And Nancy Moffett says she's given everything for her musical career, but we hear that she has a mighty good time at S. M. A., and more than one of her mysterious absences have been explained by attending dances at nearby colleges.

Last year, one happy day, Miss Higgins called us together and we became organized into a mighty proud Junior Class. We were doubly proud because we now are the last class that will graduate from the Junior College department. Right then we planned to give the Seniors of last year quite a sumptuous banquet. Well, our hopes were somewhat dashed, but the Seniors seemed quite pleased. Many interesting speeches were called for by Mickey Gates, who was the charming toastmistress. The response was gratifying. I don't think any of us will ever forget that night. It snowed incessantly for hours, but not daunted by the snow, everyone arrived at the Kalorama in evening dress! The Juniors felt their importance that year when they were allowed to go to the show some few times when the common herd couldn't!

But this year when we came back full-fledged Seniors how proud we were! We sauntered around with quite the superior air. At last!—And when we got to our table, well! and the rest of our privileges—we were a mighty proud class! Proud that Miss Higgins has trusted us as she has. We've seen many good shows and we've been to many movies!

Among the various festivities of the Senior Class are the "Charm School" presented Thanksgiving night and the Senior Melange presented February twenty-first. The "Charm School" came off fairly well considering the fact that none of us are actors, that we didn't know our lines, and that we were scared to death! But the audience seemed to like it. Mickey made quite the handsome hero and Jinks Bull didn't make such a bad heroine! Oh, how we worked on that—and the great relief when it was over!

Then the "Melange"—no one knows what that means but Miss Stuart, who kindly suggested it, and the Seniors, and I must break down and confess that some of the Seniors aren't quite sure! However, we do know that we expended much time and energy on it. Miss Helen Morgan, the most modest girl in school, quite covered herself with glory. She wrote it all—she and Jinks—and planned it!—and built scenery and painted! They sure did work! Bunnie and Kat Howard quite covered themselves with glory—and how their voices rang out and filled the Chapel. Really Hancock and McCollum will certainly have lots to worry about, judging from the thunderous applause. The play, *Hearts to Mend*, was darling, and it is rumored that there were not many dry eyes in the audience during its



The title "The Bluestocking" is centered within a decorative banner. The banner features stylized, swirling cloud-like shapes at the top and bottom. On the left side, there's a small profile of a head facing right, with the letters "mbs" written below it. On the right side, there's another small profile of a head facing left, with the letters "mbc" written below it. The title itself is written in a bold, serif font.

performance. The whole affair came off much better than expected, and the—er—financial returns, thanks to the hearty co-operation of the student body and teachers, were equally gratifying.

All of these things we would never have been able to do without our beloved sponsor, Miss Abbie MacFarland. She's been a dear, doing anything and everything for us. I'm sure she is responsible for a good many of our vaunted Senior privileges, as well as for many of our pleasures along other lines. Miss Abbie is so much a part of us and we all love her so that, well—we couldn't get along without her.

Oh! how we hate to see the day come when we will get our diplomas and be no longer Mary Baldwin girls! We've had our fun—and we've played (so much that some of us have serious doubts), but as the time comes for us to go out into the world—the last of a long line of classes, there are many of us who wish the time wasn't quite so near. When we leave the portals of Mary Baldwin our aim is to take some small part of its wonderful spirit in our hearts to guide us through life.

—MARY MCCOLLUM.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Though modesty has prevented in the above a fitting eulogy of the historian, we should be able, with much gusto, to take upon ourselves the task. But it is all very complicated, we must admit; and so we will merely add our word of praise to the Queen Bud of the rose garden of girls.



The Bluestocking

As Others See Them

1. Purest-Minded—"Mickey" Gates
2. Biggest Head—"Katty" Somers
3. Swellest Foot—"Tommie" Orr—(6½)
4. Best Complexion—"Kat" Howard (13 cents a box)
5. Biggest Math Shark—"Jinx" Bull (second to Miss Harris)
6. She who writes Dictionary—Isabelle Wine
7. Most often late for breakfast—"Bonnie D."—(6:45 a. m.)
8. Engaged—Helen Morgan (?)
9. Most Hopeful—"Chick" Kochtitzky—(Jilted twice this year and still hoping)
10. Most Hopeless—Anna Harriett—(Twenty-one names on corresponding list)
11. Dumbest—Elizabeth Richardson—(99 44/100%)
12. Best Voice—"Bunnie" Bowen—(Whispering Hopes So)
13. Biggest Bluffer—"Bud" McCollum
14. Most Gushing—"Hancock."
15. Most Ambitious—Nancy Moffett—(Victor Artist)
16. Best Horse-back Rider—Isabelle Alvis
17. Always on Time—Kathleen Goodloe



Vera p^m gratia.

Juniors

*For to the highest she did
still aspyre.*



Junior Class

Officers

<i>President</i>	MARGARET WARD
<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH ROBERTS
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELLEN WALLACE
<i>Honorary Member</i>	MISS FLORA STUART

Motto

Vera pro gratis

Flower

Sweet Peas

Colors

Silver and Green

Members

MARTHA GAYHART—BLUESTOCKING Staff.

MISSOURI MILLER

ELIZABETH ROBERTS—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Editor-in-Chief of *Miscellany*, Secretary of Junior Class, BLUESTOCKING Staff, Cotillion Club.

MARGUERITE RUTHERFORD

MARGARET SCOTT—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Editor-in-Chief of BLUESTOCKING, President of Monogram Club, Cotillion Club, Captain of Yellow Basketball Team.

PAGE STUART

ELLEN WALLACE—Treasurer of Junior Class.

MARGARET WARD—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, President of Junior Class, BLUESTOCKING Staff, Cotillion Club.

NANCY WATKINS—Athletic Council, Business Manager of *Miscellany*, Secretary and Treasurer of Monogram Club, Y. W. C. A. Committee, White Basketball Team.

MARGUERITE WELLER



Junior Statistics.

Most Popular --- M. Ward
Biggest Leter ... E. Roberts
Biggest Bluffer... E. Wallace
Biggest Arguer... M. Weller
Handsomest ... M. Scott
Brightest ... M. Vayhart
Biggest Flirt ... A. Watkins
Hardest Worked - M. Rutherford
Least Studioiz - P. Stuart
Biggest Sluizance. Missouri
Miller.





Sophomores

*Our hoard is little, but our
hearts are great.*

**Coniunctis
victibus**



Class of '27

Officers

<i>President</i>	MAUDE MILLER
<i>Vice-President</i>	NANCY MCNEEL
<i>Secretary</i>	DOROTHY CURRY
<i>Treasurer</i>	KATHERINE COLVIN
<i>Sergeants-at-Arms</i>	ELIZABETH RAGAN AND MAURINE TULLY
<i>Honorary Member</i>	MISS EDITH LATANE

Colors

Blue and Gold

Flower

Marechal-Neil Rose

Motto

Conjunctis Viribus

Members

- ELEANOR BARNES—"The work I do is nothing but my best."
- AUDREY BLACKFORD—"Tis not a fault to love."
- MARGARET BOWEN—"A merry heart goes all the day."
- ETTA BROWN—"Gently to hear, kindly to love."
- KATHERINE COLVIN—"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."
- DOROTHY CURRY—"Cheerfulness is the badge of true worth."
- MARGARET DEANS—"Anything for a quiet life."
- MARGUERITE DUNTON—"Whatever she attempted she did, and you can depend on't."
- ELSE GREY HUME—"Gentle in method, resolute in action."
- VIRGINIA HARWOOD—"Our conduct is our best having."
- DOROTHY HISEY—"Amiability shines by its own light."
- CARTER JAUDON—"I am sure care is an enemy to life."
- ELLEN KING—"A shy face is better than a forward heart."
- NANCY MCNEEL—"A steadfast purpose to serve."
- MAUDE MILLER—"An abridgement of all that is pleasant in women."
- KATHARINE PERRY—"Coquetry is the thorn that guards the rose."
- JANE ROBERTS—"I will not budge for no man's pleasure."
- ELIZABETH RAGAN—"I am what I am."
- EDYTHE RICHCREEK—"Let cheerfulness on happy fortune wait."
- KATHARINE SEE—"Never was such a sudden scholar made."
- MARJORIE TROTTER—"But my best praise is that I'm your friend."
- MAURINE TULLY—"Seem a saint when most I play the devil."
- MARY HAMILTON WILLIAMS—"Whatever they say, I must be good."



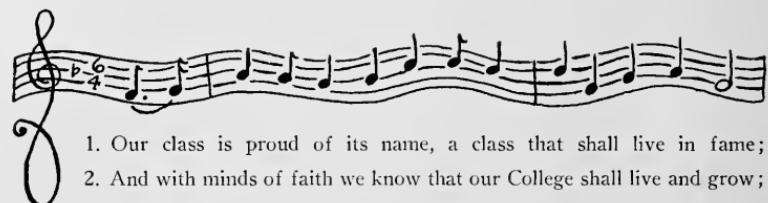
Sophomore Class Song

K. A. SEE

Georgia Tech.



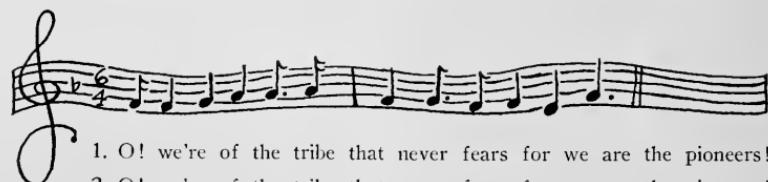
1. O we're the race of the pioneers, we Soph'mores of M. B. C.
2. O we're the race of the pioneers, who first made ready the way



1. Our class is proud of its name, a class that shall live in fame;
2. And with minds of faith we know that our College shall live and grow;



1. And a proud, firm band we loyally stand, a proud firm band are we.
2. And when it is grown it shall be known, be known thru many a day.



1. O! we're of the tribe that never fears for we are the pioneers!
2. O! we're of the tribe that never fears for we are the pioneers!



Freshmen

*Let be my name until I
make my name.*



The Bluestocking

Class of '28

Officers

President	DOROTHY EXLINE
Vice-President	MILDRED ANN GILL
Secretary	HELEN SEASHORE
Treasurer	LUCILE GORIN

Honorary Member

MISS NANCY WITHERSPOON McFARLAND

Flower
Daffodil and Lilac

Motto
Niti nec cedere

Colors
Yellow and Lavender

Gleanings From the Green House, With Life Ambitions Appended

margaret dorothy arundale	to shorten her name
frances ballenger	to be rebecca at the well
florence bantley	to be a spinster
henrietta bedinger	to talk out loud
clara beery	ro ride a pony
virginia bivins	to play a jews'-harp
dorothy brand	to be beautiful
agnes braxton	to get engaged three times more
margaret carpenter	to be a typical grandmother
mary clark	to cast a shadow
dorothy dyer	to settle down
dorothy exline	to get thin
helen george	to manage a minstrel
flora george	to be end-man in above-mentioned show
elise gibson	to hang like a picture
mildred ann gill	to slow down to a walk
lucile gorin	to be a missionary
doris hankins	to live to be 112 years old
anna mae hillidge	to be a doll
helen hiner	to be a roughneck
elizabeth hume	to be harmless
harriet louise jackson	to be distinctive
elizabeth jackson	i don't know
nettie junkin	to assist galli-curci
elizabeth kemble	to sleep twenty-four hours a day
elizabeth knight	to be a nun
kitty lambert	to stop talking
lucille lohr	to cultivate a sense of humor
mildred lucket	to flutter around
alice virginia mccabe	to live to eat
martha moye	to be silent
julia mullis	to cheer up
margaret patterson	to be improper
mildred peacock	to appear young
dorothy powell	to marry a cross-eyed man
robena price	to find out something she doesn't know
ethel ratchford	to acquire wealth
margie white robertson, to find out where robinson crusoe went with friday on saturday night	to write poetry like horace
frances ruckman	hum! to be a senior attendant, of course
helen seashore	to be a left-over
frances shirley	to live in china where they bind one's feet
helen taggart	to enjoy life
aireen thomas	to please 'em all
ruth veige	to be precocious
irene wallace	to shine
caroline wood	to come to earth
cecil Woodward	



۲۷



Rā



Domestic Science Seniors



*As much valor is to be
found in feasting as
in fighting.*



Domestic Science Seniors

Motto

"The mission of the ideal woman is to make the whole world homelike."

Aim

To attain efficiency; to add to it Self-Control; and to gain poise.

Ambition

To do something each day to make some one a little happier.

Flower

The Cauliflower

Officers

President	JEANETTE LEHMAN
Secretary	HAZEL RUMPF
Treasurer	SARA MARTIN

Class Roll With Chief "Delights" Appended

Alice Cornelius	Asparagus on toast charms Alice
Rosalie Hull	Chicken—sometimes live
Frances Jeffreys	Potatoes are her chief delight
Rebecca Jones	Green peas—the square kind
Florence Liebman	String beans—the long kind
Jeanette Lehman	Plum pudding—the kind that burns
Sara Mason Martin	Nice cool little radishes—for Sara
Florence M'Cauley	Fruit salad—congealed and delicious
Magdalene Roller	"Roller special," ice-cream, strawberries, etc.
Hazel Rumpf	Pickle—but the sweet kind

Domestic Science Seniors



R. Hull



F. Jeffreys —



M. Roller



H. Coenelius



H. Rumpf



S. Martin



F. Mc'Caulay



S. Lehman

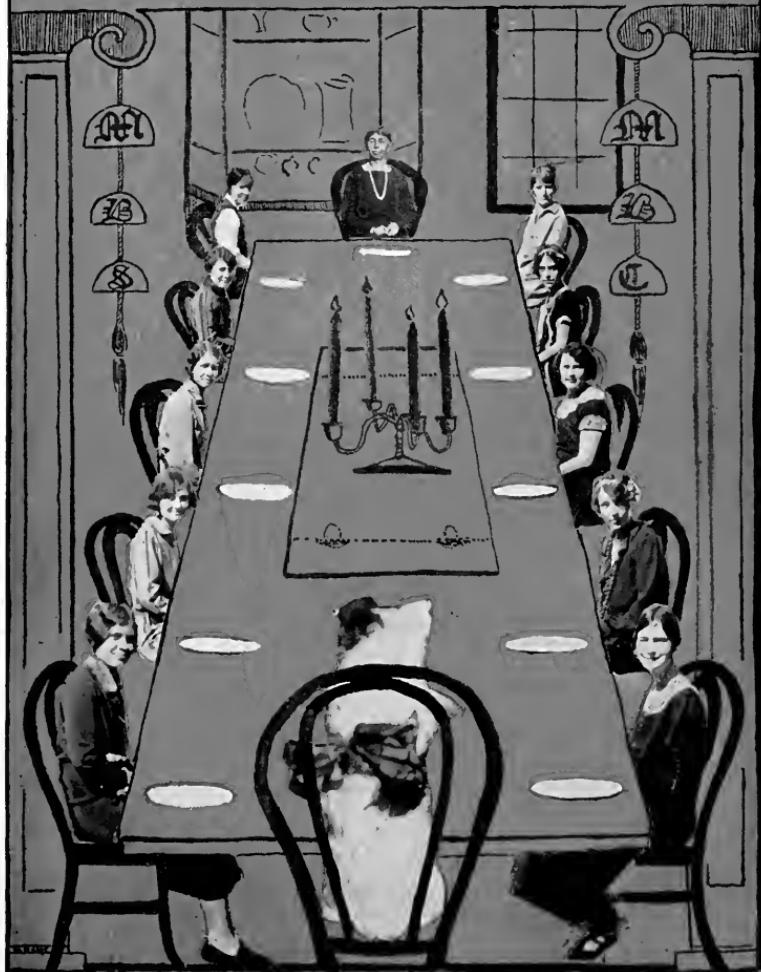


R. Jones

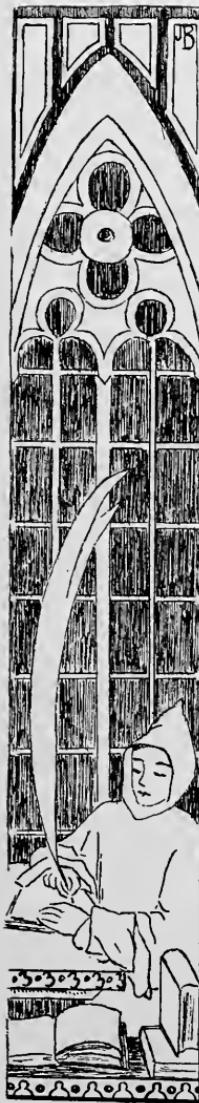


F. Liebman

Domestic Science Seniorz.



THE FAMILY CIRCLE IN SKY HIGH



Secretarial Course

*The gentle mind by gentle
deeds is known.*



SECRETARIAL COURSE—SENIORS

College Specials



*And all for love, and
nothing for reward.*



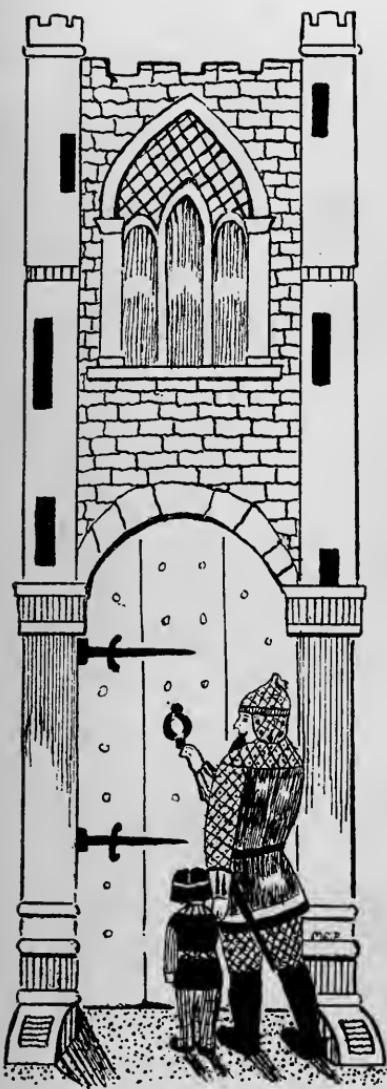
College Specials

BLANCHE ELEANOR ADAMS	STELLA FULWIDER LOTT
MARGARET LEE ATWATER	SARAH BALDWIN MARTIN
THELMA MAUPIN BOWLING	EMILY THOMAS MATTHEWS
JANET PEYTON BRAND	HATTIE EARLY MILLER
VIRGINIA MAE CAMPBELL	DOROTHY NAFF
EVELYN TABOR CARHART	LILY M. PARRISH
NANNIE DAVIS CARR	MILDRED STUART PEACOCK
MABEL CHRISTINE CARSON	MARGARET WILSON PERKINS
KATHERINE LINING CHESNUT	MARTHA ELLEN PETTICORD
SARAH CONSTANCE CHISWELL	EMILY VIRGINIA RAMSAY
ELISE DE GRANT CORNMAN	ELSIE MATHILDA ROSENBERGER
CATHERINE ELIZABETH CRAFTON	LUCY HAGOOD SMITH
SALLIE JANE CROUSE	BETTY MOLYNEAUX STAPP
HELEN MARGARET DIEFFENBACHER	ELIZABETH HERNDON STEARNS
FRANCES VIRGINIA GREENE	HELEN TRAVIS STRONG
NELL BLAIR GWYN	MARY LEE TERHUNE
HARRIET HAINES	MARY TERRELL
VIRGINIA BRADLEY HAMMER	DOROTHY RUTH THOMPSON
ELIZABETH HEIMBACH	MARY CORDELIA WAGAMAN
SUSAN HERRIOTT	MARY ELLA WEADE
MABEL PAULINE HINER	ROB LEE WESSENDORF
FRANKIE BEE HONAKER	REBECCA ANNE WHITE
AMELIA HUBBARD HOWARD	MARY WOODFIN WHITE
PATTIE MOFFETT IRVINE	VERNETTE WIER
MARY LOUISE JOHNSON	MARGARET ALLEN WILKERSON
IOLA KIRBY	JANICE LOUISE WILMETH
LAURETTA LOUISE KITCHEN	MARGARET VERNON WITHERS
MARY JANE LANGE	SARAH KATHLEEN WOOD
SUSAN CHERRY LANIER	JESSICA ATHERTON WRIGHT
HALLIE MAE LATTA	ANNA GABRIEL YOUNG
MARTHA MILLER LOGAN	





Preparatory Department



In life's morning march.



Fourth Year

EFFIE ANDERSON
FRANCES BIBBEE
HELEN LOLITA BURDETTE
MARY ANNE CHAPIN
SARAH HARVEY
LOUISE HULLIHEN
ELEANOR HUBERT
REBECCA WISE JONES
HELEN GENEVEIVE LEWIS
BETSY McALISTER
HARRIETTE McLAIN
MARGARET MAFFITT
LILLIAN NOTTINGHAM
NELLIE RITCHIE
JEAN SCOTT
MARY GARLAND TAYLOR
RUTH VINSINGER







Third Year

LAURA MORRISON BROWN	HELEN ADELE POINDEXTER
MARY FRANCES COOK	MARY NELSON QUARLES
MARY CAIRNS CROCKETT	CHARLOTTE ROEHM
ALICE IRENE DAVIS	VIRGINIA ROOSA
LOIS ELAINE FOOTE	JULIA REID ROSEBOROUGH
JEAN HAYNES	HELEN JANET STOCKTON
HETTIE HILL	JOSEPHINE DENT SYMONS
ELIZABETH HUNT	VIOLA DENT SYMONS
ELIZABETH TIPTON JOHNSON	MARY SUE TROTMAN
MARION KEMBALL	MARGARET GRACE VALENTINE
MILDRED LOEWNER	MAE ELISE VAN WAGENEN
FRANCES MILLIKAN	BYRD VENABLE
VIRGINIA NEWBERRY	MARY LINTON WALTON
JESSIE GAIL PERGRIN	PATTIE MAE WATSON
MARY FRANCES PERRY	ELIZABETH WEIDNER

The Bluestocking

Second Year

TOMMIE BRAXTON
HELEN ELIZABETH CARLETON
NANCY DEARING DAY
ISABEL ANDERSON FLIPPIN
PHYLLIS HARPER GLISAN
MARY CAMPBELL GRASTY
MARY WILSON HAMILTON
MARY MARGARET HARRIS
LAVAUNNE HOYE
KATHLEEN JONES
ALMA TROUT JORDAN
JANE KINARD
MARTHA HAYES McDAVID
MARY MOORE PANCAKE
SARA FRANCES RALSTON
RETA VIRGINIA ROBERTSON
MARY WOOLFOLK RULE
MARIE NICHOLA SELLERS
REBECCA BRAND WILLIAMS
EUNICE WILLIAMS
PAULINE WOODWARD
COYCE DEWS WRIGHT







First Year

ALINE ELIZABETH BREWSTER
LAURA MCCLUNG BURROW
ELSIE FLORENCE CARLETON
LEOLA VIRGINIA CLATTERBAUGH
HELEN LOUISE DAVIS
LOUISE WERT DUNAVANT
SUSAN BARRETT GILL
DOROTHY BELLE GOCHENOUR
MARY LOU HARRIS
LENA McADEN
MILDRED MOUNTCASTLE
MARY GRAY SILVER
ELOE ANNE SPOUSE
MARTHA GWATHMEY WALTERS
GRACE LILLY WILKES



Preparatory Specials

SARAH ASHCOM	ELIZABETH LYNN
BETTY BOWMAN	MINNIE MITCHELL
MARY ELIZABETH BROWN	LOUISE MITCHELL
Alice Cornelius	DOROTHY MORRISS
LUCILE VIRGINIA CRAIG	MARJORIE MOWER
MARY ARTIS DANNER	GENEVA MOYER
VIRGINIA LEWIS DAVIDSON	MARIAN NOYES
LAWTON FOX	MARY RATCHFORD
ELIZABETH CRAIG GARDNER	MAGDALENE ROLLER
CAROLYN GOCHENOUR	HAZEL RUMPF
FLETA BLANCE HAMRICK	FRANCES SAUNDERS
HARRIET HARFIELD HOGSHEAD	ELIZABETH CARROLL
MARY LINNARD HODGE	INEZ STANLEY
KATHERINE HUFF	ANNIE GERTRUDE TABB
ROSALIE HULL	DIXIE TAYLOR
MARY FRANCES JEFFREYS	MARJORIE TURNER
VIRGINIA KERR	VIRGINIA WALTHOUR
ELIZABETH LA ROWE	HELEN WALTHOUR
FLORENCE LIEBMAN	FRANCES DENT WEST
ANNA MAE LORY	HELEN CARTER



Rachel Cresswell

Born June 4, 1906

Died July 17, 1924

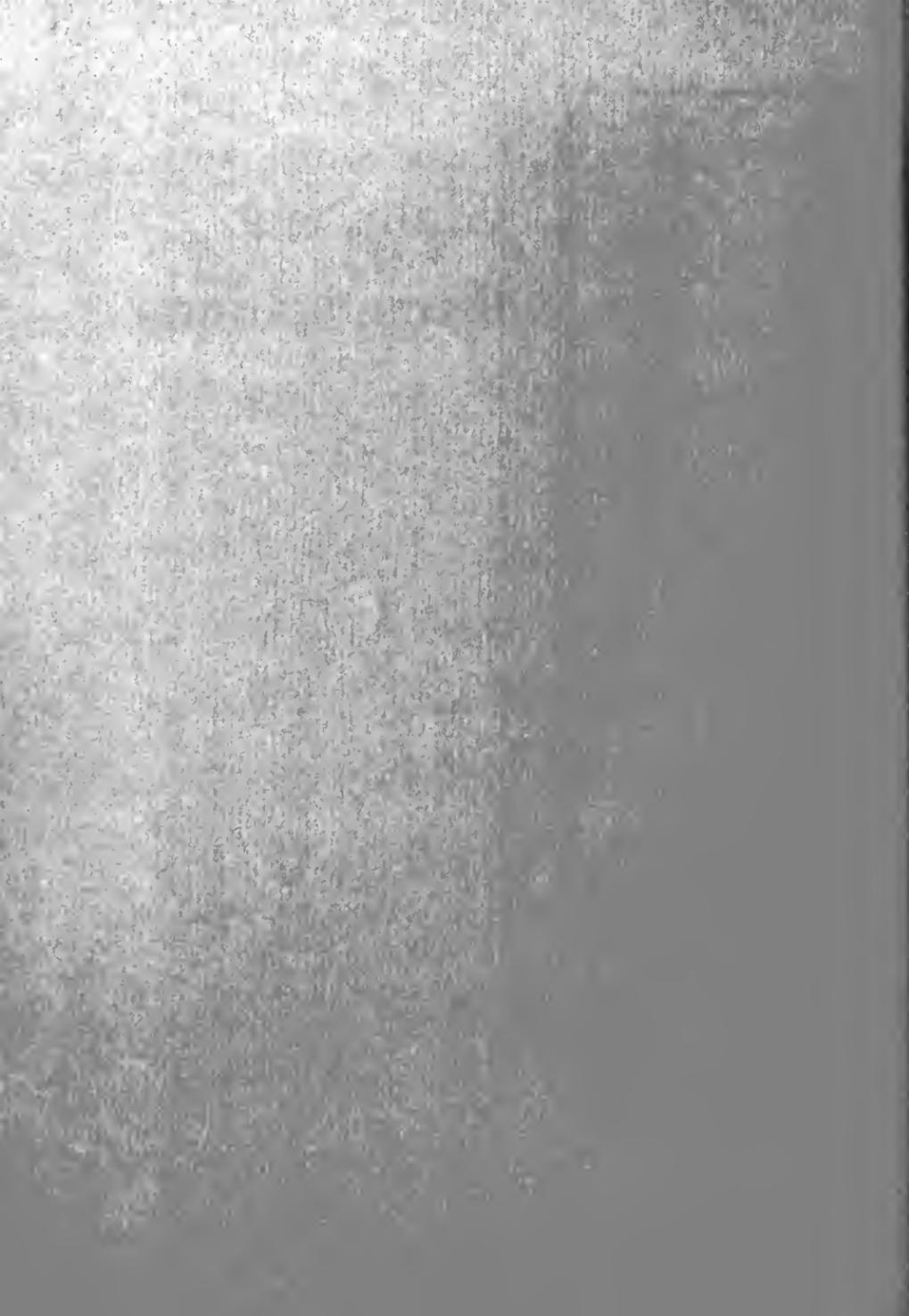
Student Mary Baldwin

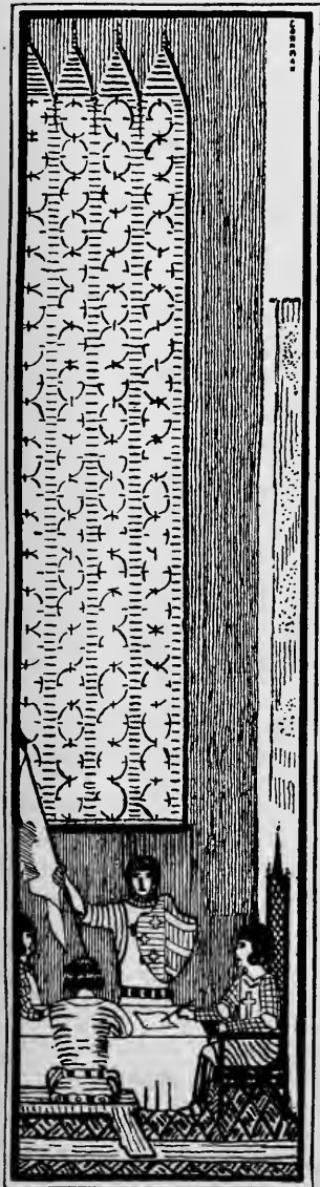
1921 - 1924



Life in the Castle

*Sleep after toyle
Ease after warre*





Clubs and Organizations

*The forward flowing
tide of time.*

The Bluestocking

Y. W. Officers and Committees

Officers

<i>President</i>	ROCIER MARTIN
<i>Vice-President</i>	VIRGINIA BULL
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARGARET WARD
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	BONNIE D. KELLY
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	ELEANOR EASTMAN
<i>U. R.</i>	ELIZABETH ROBERTS
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	MISS ALMA MONTGOMERY

Members

PROGRAM	WORLD FELLOWSHIP	MUSIC
ANNA SHEWMAKE, <i>Chairman</i> NETTIE JUNKIN MARGUERITE HANCOCK ELEANOR ADAMS	NANCY MCNEEL, <i>Chairman</i> SARAH B. MARTIN KATHERINE COLVIN MARY HAMILTON WILLIAMS	MARGUERITE HANCOCK, <i>Chairman</i> MARY McCOLLUM HALLIE LATTA MARGUERITE DUNTON NETTIE JUNKIN ELIZABETH BROWN MILDRED GATES THELMA BOWLING BETTY STAPP BONNIE D. KELLY VIRGINIA BIVINS
PUBLICITY	SOCIAL	BIBLE
EVELYN ORR, <i>Chairman</i> HELEN MORGAN HELEN WALTHOUR ELISE CORNMAN MAUDE MILLER ELIZABETH KEMBLE FRANCES SAUNDERS	ELIZABETH HEIMBACH, <i>Chairman</i> FLORENCE McCUALEY FRANCES JEFFREYS ROB LEE WESSENDORF MARY MCCOLLUM JEANETTE LEHMAN	VIRGINIA CAMPBELL, <i>Chairman</i> NANCY WATKINS ELSIE ROSENBERGER
ROOM	FINANCE	STUDENT FELLOWSHIP
REBECCA JONES, <i>Chairman</i> MARY TERRELL LILLIAN NOTTINGHAM CARROLL SMITH LUCILE GORIN	ELIZABETH RAGAN, <i>Chairman</i> LUCILE SPINDEL MARGARET PATTERSON MARGARET WITHERS	MARGARET SCOTT, <i>Chairman</i> KATHERINE HOWARD KATHERINE SOMERS SARAH HARVEY ELIZABETH LYNN AGNES BOXLEY JANE ROBERTS MINNIE MITCHELL ISABEL FLIPPIN
SOCIAL SERVICE	ENTERTAINMENT	
HAZEL RUMPH, <i>Chairman</i> BYRD VENABLE LOUISE HULLIHEN SARA M. MARTIN	MILDRED GATES, <i>Chairman</i> ROSALIE HULL LOUISA KOCHITZKY DOROTHY EXLINE JEAN HAYNES	



Inside Work



THE LIFE-SAVING STATION

No, we are not a sea-side pleasure resort. Anyone who can see anything resembling a pleasure resort at Mary Baldwin is gifted with a sublime (bordering on the ridiculous!) sense of humor. But we, like the starving Armenians, claim our right to our Life Saving Station to resuscitate our famine-stricken members. And our three stalwart life guards! Long ere this should their breasts have been decorated with a shining Carnegie. Let me but paint a picture of their ever-ready wit and daring heroism. Into the Life Saving Station (in the vernacular, "The Store") two girls are seen bringing in a poor, starved thing on an improvised—from a washstand screen—stretcher. (The motto of our guards in such severe cases is never give up under forty-eight hours—"While there's—a pretzel—there's hope." The unfortunate is deposited on the floor. "Ragan, Ragan," wailed the grief-stricken Margie, "help me. Poor Kathleen is in a terrible condition"—poking her emaciated ribs—"that inconsiderate Miss Myer rang the bell when she was only on her fifth roll. Poor, starved Kathleen. What—?" The Captain of the guards lifted the emaciated wrist and, weighing her words like the Delphian Oracle, spoke:

"In such a strikingly severe case of malnutrition, naught less than nine boxes of Lornas will resuscitate the victim."

Oh, I ask you, unprejudiced reader, should such sagacious advice, such heroism (space will not permit an example) go unrewarded?



Y. W. C. A.





Outside Work

"Once a little neglected mountain school at the crossing of two mountain roads, at the foot of beautiful hills in the narrow valley of the Linville River, one of nature's most picturesque spots. A spot, too, where the very sturdiest of this pure American stock, with a rarely large sprinkling of God's noblemen had lived their simple lives in rude huts, tilled their ricky hills and felled their giant trees, filling other's coffers, themselves making scant progress towards acquiring the simplest comforts of life. Here in this dilapidated school house, closely resembling an old blacksmith shop, the boys and girls of this splendid people got their only 'schooling.' Things are different now. Crossnore waked up. Someone pointed the way, and with wonderful spirit for such isolated people, they put their shoulders to the wheel and pushed that little school up the hill. Now the new school is modern in every way. And old clothes have done it all!"

There is no better description than this of the Crossnore school, in which the Y. W. C. A. of Mary Baldwin has taken so much interest for the past few years. Our old clothes have helped build this school. But the Y. W. C. A. is interested in more than old clothes.

For the past two years the Y. W. C. A. has been sending a girl to Crossnore. None of the people there have enough money to worry about income taxes, and naturally they cannot afford to send their children to school. The first pupil whose tuition we paid was a girl. No investment has ever paid better dividends. She had to come eight miles to school, three miles she rode and five miles she walked. Such ambition made splendid grades, and when she graduated she was Valedictorian of her class. She is now working her way through North Carolina College for Women. This year we sent another girl. This is her first year, and from the good beginning that she has made, we feel sure that her final record will rival our first girl.

The Y. W. C. A. has interests nearer home, also. We help the Colored Orphanage a few miles out of Staunton. Money, toys, and clothes are sent to them, to say nothing of the good things to eat. They are remembered Thanksgiving with a gift of chickens. Christmas is made brighter for them by our toys and clothes.

Then we have our Christmas families. Each year at Christmas time, we adopt two large families for that season, who ordinarily would have no Christmas. Each member of the Cabinet sends gifts to one of the children, and with the money left over, the whole family is sent a huge basket of food, the kind that is most enjoyed at Christmas. The gifts are wrapped with much ceremony, and the day before Christmas, Miss Fannie Strauss distributes them. This "Playing Santa Claus" gives the Cabinet more pleasure than almost anything else during the entire year.

An old lady at the poor house is also remembered each year with some gift that would add to her comfort and happiness.

This work has been going on for several years, and we hope that we have made them such good customs that the future Y. W. C. A. Cabinets will carry them on and develop them further and enjoy them as much as we have.



Representative Meetings of the Y. W. C. A.

Welcome	ANNA HARRIET SHEWMAKE	
	<i>Welcome extended to the New Girls</i>	MARGARET SCOTT
NETTIE JUNKIN		
Recognition	ROCIER CRAIG MARTIN	
	<i>Recognition of the New Members of the Y. W. C. A.</i>	
Fall Nature Meeting	MILDRED GATES	
	<i>Appreciation of Nature</i>	
EMILY RAMSEY	LILY PARRISH	MARGARET SCOTT
BONNIE KELLEY	MILDRED GILL	FRANKIE HONAKER
	ELIZABETH ROBERTS	
Thanksgiving	MARGARET SCOTT	
	MARY MCCOLLUM	
	HELEN GEORGE	
	ELIZABETH JACKSON	
Christmas	ELIZABETH ROBERTS	
	<i>White Gift Service</i>	
HAZEL KUMPH	HELEN GEORGE	HALLIE LATTA
MARGUERITE DUNTON	FRANKIE HONAKER	ANNA HARRIET SHEWMAKE
	NETTIE JUNKIN	
Biblical Tableaux	IN CHARGE OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION	
	<i>From the Life of Samson</i>	
MARGARET DEANS	ELIZABETH JACKSON	JANET STOCKTON
BETTY STAPP	JANE KINARD	ALICE McCABE
NANCY WATKINS	MARIAN NOYES	NANCY MOFFETT
DOROTHY EXLINE	MAUDE MILLER	MARGARET MOFFET
MARGARET BOWEN	LILY PARRISH	COYCE WRIGHT
JOSEPHINE SYMONS	KATHARINE SEE	MARGARET PATTERSON
HELEN TAGGARET		KATHLEEN JONES
Open Forum	VIRGINIA BULL	
	<i>Discussion by Students</i>	
Pageant	IN CHARGE OF PROGRAM COMMITTEE	
	<i>"One Father of All"</i>	
NETTIE JUNKIN	JOSEPHINE SYMONS	IOLA KIRBY
JANET STOCKTON	LOUISE BOWEN	SUSAN GILL
ELEANOR ADAMS	ELIZABETH JACKSON	ELISE CORNMAN
MARY WAGAMAN	EVELYN ORR	JESSIE GAIL PERGRIN
MAY HILLIDGE	LILY PARRISH	EMILY RAMSEY
MARGARET CARPENTER	CARROLL SMITH	HARRIET HAYNES
Easter	IN CHARGE OF MUSIC COMMITTEE	
	<i>Cantata—"The Dawn"</i>	
MARGUERITE DUNTON	BONNIE KELLY	HALLIE LATTA
ELIZABETH ROBERTS	THELMA BOWLING	NETTIE JUNKIN
VIRGINIA BIVINS	FRANKIE HONAKER	MARY MCCOLLUM
BETTY STAPP	MILDRED GATES	ELIZABETH BROWN
Installation Services	PRESIDENTS	
	<i>Retiring, R. MARTIN—Incoming, M. TERRELL</i>	
	<i>Installation of the 1925-26 Cabinet</i>	
Mother's Day	IN CHARGE OF PROGRAM COMMITTEE	
Senior Meeting	VIRGINIA BULL, President	
	<i>Farewell Meeting, conducted by Senior Class</i>	



Choral Club

Director MISS NORMA SCHOOLAR
Pianist MISS PEARLE KIESTER

Members

EFFIE ANDERSON	MILDRED GATES	FRANCES SAUNDERS
SARAH ASHCOM	MARGUERITE HANCOCK	JEAN SCOTT
FLORENCE BANTLEY	SARAH HARVEY	ANNA HARRIET SHEWMAKE
VIRGINIA BIVINS	MABEL HINE	MARY GRAY SILVER
ELIZABETH BROWN	KATHERINE HUFF	CARROLL SMITH
VIRGINIA CAMPBELL	NETTIE JUNKIN	EUGENIA SPROUL
MARGARET CARPENTER	BONNIE DALE KELLY	BETTY STAPP
CATHARINE CRAFTON	HALLIE LATTA	HELEN STRONG
LUCILLE CRAIG	FLORENCE LIEBMAN	MARY LEE TERHUME
Alice CORNELIUS	MILDRED LOEWNER	PATTIE WATSON
Elise CORNMAN	ELIZABETH LYNN	MARY HAMILTON WILLIAMS
MARGUERITE DUNTON	MARY MCCOLLUM	ISABELLE WINE
HELEN GEORGE	MINNIE MITCHELL	COYCE WRIGHT
Elise GIBSON	EVELYN ORR	ANNA YOUNG
	MARGARET PATTERSON	



The Bluestocking Cotillion Club

Officers

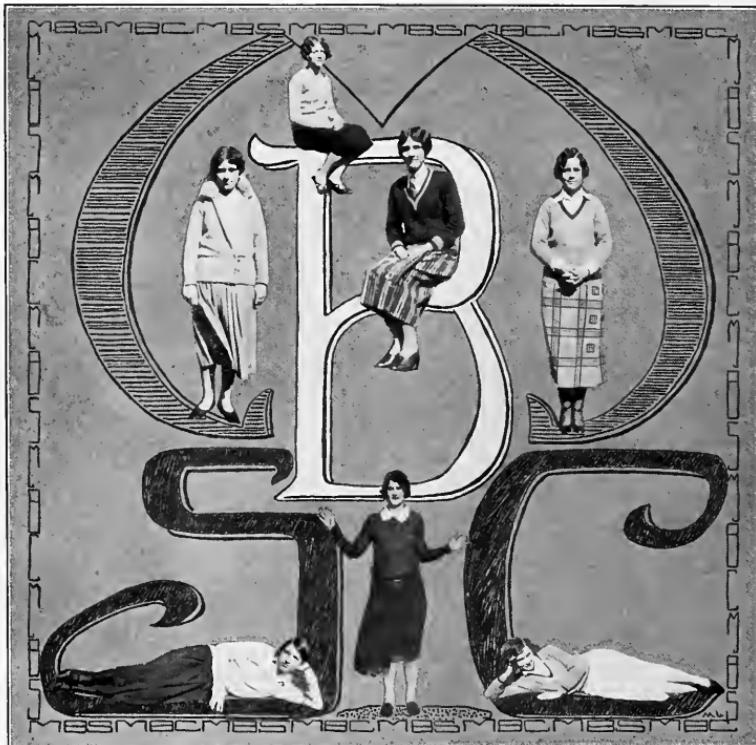
President ELIZABETH HEIMBACH
Secretary and Treasurer MILDRED GATES

Members

THELMA BOWLING	REBECCA JONES	CHARLOTTE ROEHM
AGNES BOXLEY	ELIZABETH KEMBLE	JULIA REID ROSBOROUGH
VIRGINIA BULL	LOUISA KOCHITZKY	HAZEL RUMPF
VIRGINIA CAMPBELL	JEANNETTE LEHMAN	FRANCES SAUNDERS
ELISE CORNMAN	ELIZABETH LYNN	MARGARET SCOTT
MARGARET DEANS	LENA MCADEN	ANNA HARRIET SHEWMAKE
ELEANOR EASTMAN	MARY MCCOLLUM	CARROLL SMITH
DOROTHY EXLINE	MARTHA McDAVID	LUCY SMITH
ISABELLE FLIPPIN	FLORENCE McCUALEY	KATHERINE SOMERS
MILDRED GATES	ROCIER MARTIN	LUCILLE SPINDLE
LUCILE GORIN	SARA MASON MARTIN	HELEN STRONG
MARGUERITE HANOCK	MAUDE MILLER	MARY TERRELL
SARAH HARVEY	MINNIE MITCHELL	MAURINE TULLY
JEAN HAYNES	HELEN MORGAN	HELEN WALTHOUR
ELIZABETH HEIMBACH	LILLIAN NOTTINGHAM	VIRGINIA WALTHOUR
KATHERINE HOWARD	LILY PARISH	MARGARET WARD
KATHERINE HUFF	ELIZABETH RAGAN	FRANCES WEST
ROSALIE HULL	ELIZABETH ROBERTS	ROB LEE WESSENDORF
CARTER JAUDON	EVELYN ORR	JANICE WILMETH
FRANCES JEFFREYS	JANE ROBERTS	MARGARET WITHERS



COTILLION CLUB



Monogram Club

Officers

President MARGARET SCOTT
Secretary-Treasurer NANCY WATKINS

Faculty Adviser

MISS MARGARET SEYMOUR BECKWITH

Members

VIRGINIA BULL
DOROTHY EXLINE

SARA M. MARTIN

COY WRIGHT
MARGARET DEANS



Fuzzy Files a Complaint

Judge us not, gentle reader, by the adage "Birds of a feather flock together," for we could not avoid our present predicament. By "we" I mean the members of the Dog Club. We were three. President Hamlet, Vice-President Jamlet, and yours truly, Secretary Confuzzius Dodge Morse (more often shortened to "Fuzzy," to which silly name I am forced to answer). We organized our little club for the sole purpose of filling a blank page in the 1924 BLUESTOCKING, and since that time we have striven to uphold the tradition.

But now—now, we are loath to confess, our exclusiveness has been rudely shattered by the unwelcomed advent of fifteen or more new members, and the aristocracy—well, there isn't any more! Look upon our noble brows and then glance at the blank impossible faces of our ungainly initiates. No character, no sense of propriety, and worst of all, no pedigree! We have been coerced into accepting into an organization of high repute and established standards, an overwhelming number of frivolous curs (if you will pardon the expression) with no other purpose or ambition in life than to stand on four wobbly legs and look from the corners of their eyes as much as to say, "who are the most popular canines in *this school?*" Ugh! Ugh! They really give me a very painful sensation in a most sensitive spot in my anatomy.

Now I ask you, reader, is it fair, is it just that we, who have lived our lives at the Mary Baldwin in service for others, and who have given to the school our guardianship through so many decades, should be cast aside in favor of these despicable pups?

We do not wish to seem snobbish but after talking it over with my two friends (Hamlet and Jamlet, of course!) we have come to the inevitable conclusion that although we must by force (not preference) continue to associate with our *fellowmembers* (how repulsive that name is to me!) we shall always feel ourselves apart, and desire that the world should consider us so.

The initiation fee of all new members this year will go toward a new coat of paint for Hamlet and Jamlet and a fresh pink ribbon bow to grace my own humble neck.



—CONFUZZIUS DODGE MORSE.

E l i t e



C l u b s



I.D.T.

Do-Som friends



Snow Flakes



Trio



Long and Short



Southwest



M.C. Special



Publications

*I love vast libraries, yet
there is doubt
If one is better with them
or without.*



Bluestocking Staff

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Assistant Editor

KATHARINE SEE

Subscription Manager

NANCY MCNEEL

Advertising Manager

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Literary Editor

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Assistant Literary Editor

MARTHA GAYHART

Assistant Literary Editor

JANIE ROBERTS

Art Editor

ELIZABETH HEIMBACH

Assistant Art Editor

DOROTHY EXLINE

Class and Club Editor

ANNA HARRIET SHEWMAKE

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Bluestocking

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Campus Comments

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Campus Comments, Miss Stuart says, has been a favorite theory for two years, and at last, this year, has been realized. Late in the fall she talked things over with Harriette McLain, whom she asked to edit it, and together they selected a staff. Mickey Gates has proved an invaluable assistant editor, while Janice Wilmeth's articles have been, if not the backbone, at least half the vertebrae of the little paper, and because any paper is dry as dirt without jokes and cuts, Tommie Orr was delegated to look after that department. The result was the publication of the first issue on December fifteenth. A new thing at Mary Baldwin is about as safe a project as Columbus's little excursion across the Atlantic in 1492. Realizing this, after the holidays the staff cinched the financial end of *Comments* before any more issues were given out. Since then sailing has been comparatively smooth.

As I have said, the little paper is hardly more than a project, but it has at least justified its right to existence. As the college grows, we hope that *Comments* may expand and broaden with it until it one day covers the same scope as the dailies of the larger colleges. With the proper care, it will—and the best wishes of the present staff are with those who in the future will see it through the formative stages of its, I hope, long career.



Prizes for Bluestocking Work

Best short story, offered by Palais Royal, won by

MILDRED ANN GILL

Best poem, offered by Beverly Book Company, won by

KATHARINE ALLYN SEE

Best kodak picture, offered by H. L. Lang and Co., won by

VIOLA DENT SYMONS

Best art work, offered by Mr. Thomas Hogshead, won by

JANET PEYTON BRAND

First Honorable Mention

RUTH AUCH

Second Honorable Mention

MARY RULE



The Family Album

ALL began with waves, phosphorus-tipped, and a heavenly blue scarf that matched them; and that it ended in stark tragedy was most emphatically not the fault of a photograph album, dusty of leaves, musty of smell, rusty of clasps, and with an all too fruitless mission in the life of a certain young artist.

Booker Fitz Hugh was, as a matter of fact, called an artist for the same reason that every Kentucky gentleman who has sixty years and a white mustache to his credit is called "Colonel." Yet Booker had truly artistic leanings and a passionate love of the beautiful that was a little ludicrous to us who knew him best. As Billy Starks used to say, "*We* might hang around art galleries all day and go coo-coo over a fool landscape—if we had ole Booker's money."

Which unkind and rather ungrammatical remark may explain my cynicism when Booker burst into my office with the astonishing information that he was the happiest man in the world. He must have come straight from the steamer, for he had his traveling case with him and odds and ends were protruding from it where they had been stuffed in by hasty customs officers. To say that Booker "burst" into my office is not too much; he had caught my hand and nearly crushed it in his impulsive grasp before my mind registered the fact that he was there. When you could have sworn that a man was in Madrid mooning around Velasquez and Murillo, to have that particular man suddenly turn up in New York and proclaim himself the happiest one in the world—well, it's a bit of a shock. But my quick perceptions, upon which I really pride myself, grasped the situation sufficiently to ask his name. The irony of the question was as completely wasted on his beatific mood as poisoned arrows on the steely sides of the latest super-dreadnaught: it merely started him on a lengthy discourse that began with eyes like the sea and sky, and ended with hair made of the soft outer petals of jonquils; and in between he said all the trite, inane things that youths—especially if artistic—will say to the end of time.

I learned that this Alice had embarked at Lisbon, and that her eyes, and phosphorus-tipped waves and a tropical moon, had fairly finished my poor Booker before Spain was far behind them.

"It's the most perfect stretch of ocean," Booker said, and of course he quoted poetry about it: "Do you remember a poem you learned in school, about Columbus?

"Behind him lay the gray Azores—
Behind, the gates of Hercules;
Before him not a ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.'"

Quite naturally I began to be bored, and as he was far above noticing earthly

The Bluestocking

things I frankly returned to the brief I had been reading. At length, a sentence penetrated to my preoccupied brain and, like an alarm, jangled there till I awoke to what he was saying.

So you see, Horace"—this was the gist of his words—"why I preferred not to ask her, on the steamer, to be my wife. I was so afraid that she might not *really* be sure. Of course," he added hastily, "I have been sure from the moment I saw her and every moment since has only made me surer that I loved her. She left New York on the first train, Horace, and I have bought a ticket on the train that leaves tonight, so this visit to you is to say both hello and goodbye. When you see me again I will be an engaged man and an even happier one, if possible, than I am now. I must go so soon because"—and here that fatal artistic nature again asserted itself—"because I want to ask her while it is still spring in her Southern home; for not for worlds would I miss seeing her surrounded by the spring flowers."

I should have let him go his ways, while I remained diligently pursuing the task of a hard-working lawyer. That I did not was due entirely to pity. You who do not know Booker cannot comprehend his colossal innocence and helplessness, his childish idealism of all that is physically beautiful. Why, I remember hearing him say once that Leonardo did beautiful woman an injustice in handing down to future generations the portrait of Mina Lisa; such a woman, he was sure, was a *rara avis* if, indeed, she ever existed. Peculiar point of view for a grown man, eh? And he hated physical ugliness or ungainliness with as sincere a passion as he loved charm and beauty. With it all, he is such an infant! This being Booker's nature, my first idea was to go with him and if possible effect a rescue from the unknown siren who awaited him somewhere in the South.

My poor Booker was overcome with pleasure at my wanting to go with him; I suppose he took it as a tribute to his Alice that I should be willing to travel so far to see her. So happy was he because of my interest in her that he chattered incessantly from the time we boarded the train until we rang Alice's doorbell. Then, of a sudden, he ceased through very awe.

Before we reached Philadelphia I knew enough about Alice to make out her insurance blank. Sleep being out of the question for Booker, it was likewise out of the question for me.

"Horace," he told me during the trip, "I understand *exactly* how you felt when you first met Jane."

That was almost too much. But of course he had been abroad too long to have heard of our divorce; therefore I said nothing.

When we changed cars at Washington he stopped to wire Alice that we were on our way; I had hoped that we might arrive unannounced and find her in curl papers, or whatever women wear when not expecting male callers. Such a sight would, I felt sure, knock the romantic wind out of Booker's sails. Unfortunately, the telegram reached her and she was waiting for us when, worn out and dusty from our trip, we rang the bell of a shabbily genteel old house where, Booker ex-



The Bluestocking

plained, she lived with an elderly uncle. She did seem sweet and gracious, a little shy, and oh, so glad to see Booker; but I, remembering how sweet and shy Jane had once seemed, was wary of woman and all her ways.

This particular woman was just the one I would have expected Booker to make a fool of himself over—perfect to the eye, and just small and helpless enough to make a man fancy himself her big, strong protector. At dinner that evening she was lovely in the soft light, lovely and radiant and fragilely beautiful. He actually had the audacity to hold her hand under the table-cloth, and I, crabbed and middle-aged cynic that I am, was near to condoning his folly until I thought of Jane and my own wretched marriage.

That he did not propose to the girl that night and so upset my still unmade plans for his salvation was due to a blessed cloudburst that kept them from going out into the garden; for, while I might have lacked the nerve to follow them thither, I was not above staying with them in the library. Poor Booker! He did not have her to himself for a moment, and her uncle—one of those innumerable colonels aforementioned—told civil war stories all evening . . .

Solomon, or some other sage, was once heard to remark that “all things come to him who waits; but I, who am a mere lawyer, must admit that my astounding good fortune was not deserved by any patience of mine. Rather it was because, growing more impatient as the Colonel’s reminiscences grew more tiresome, I dragged the reluctant Booker off to bed early. The first thing I noticed when we entered his room was a little white shelf adorned with a row of somewhat shabby books, and it is quite characteristic of fate that although for twenty-four hours I had been wracking my brains in vain for some means to bring Booker to his senses, the actual finding of the family album was due to an impulse to forget my problems and his in a good story.

The thing was on the end of the shelf and I could not miss it if I would; and once found, Booker’s interest in all connected with Alice made him devour the faded prints with eager interest, while I looked on half bored by the daguerrotypes of prim little boys and girls, of upholstered ladies, and of bewhiskered gentlemen. At last a face caught my eye and Booker sat as if in a trance for sheer joy in looking at it. It was Alice’s face—almost—but the soft hair was worn in a big pompadour and the gown beneath was a quaint little tight, old-fashioned thing; the face was almost Alice’s, but even more vivid, more scintillant than hers. There was the same adorable air of littleness and helplessness that I had noticed in the face of the girl downstairs. The name below was Alice’s own with the additional information: “On the day of her marriage, 1901”—the child’s mother, of course, and how much alike they were! At last Booker continued his pilgrimage through the musty pages. After half a dozen photographs of more aunts and cousins there was a large one of a woman with a little girl: the little girl Alice herself; the woman, if the name below spoke true, that same sweet little bride of a few pages back. But—oh! poor, beauty-loving Booker—in this picture she was



The Bluestocking

fat, fat to pudginess, fat to enormousness, and her helpless, childish face was no less than ridiculous, encased as it was in rolls of flesh. And she had looked just like Alice.

I could have crowed with glee when I saw Booker's face. To marry a girl with the practical certainty before him of seeing her grow more like the second picture every day—that, I knew, would have been agony to his artistic soul. Believe me when I say that I am not by nature a cruel man; but I did not feel much pity for him. Better this now, I felt, than that the boy should suffer as I had suffered.

I do not suppose that Booker slept that night. I left him, and not a word had passed between us since we entered his room. His mind was surprisingly direct: he awoke me next morning to say, rather hoarsely, that we were to leave immediately. When we went downstairs, dressed for the trip, we found a very radiant little Alice waiting to take us to breakfast. Booker felt unspeakably caddish and could not look at her as he murmured something about sudden business that called us away—the first time in his simple, easy life, I would wager, that there had ever been need for him to lie. Poor little girl! Of course she knew that something was wrong, but she tried hard to wink back the tears as she watched him 'phone for a taxi.

As we were leaving, "Goodbye," said Alice courteously. "We are more than sorry that you have to go back so soon." And she smiled a little uncertain smile that was meant to show that she did not really care.

When at last we were safe in the taxi I sang a little private pæan of thanksgiving to gods who had saved Booker almost without my help. As the taxi rounded the corner I turned to look back, and was just in time to see a little tense figure turn from the gate and run, half-stumbling, into the house. Then I almost wished—and could have kicked myself for almost wishing—that we had not found the old album; but any mortal who looks back is a fool, and Lot's wife is not the only one that has been punished for it.

Would that I could add as a moral, O Reader, that Booker left that house "a sadder and wiser man." That might at least teach, for its lesson, the value of experience. But although he was sadder, no doubt, as for being any wiser—he left me before we reached Washington to catch a train back to Alice, and I hear that the marriage was within the week. It may have been because of an irresistible memory of the sea near Spain, a scarf that matched it and eyes that matched both; yes, it may have been that, but I am inclined to think—and this thought is my punishment for looking back as our taxi turned the corner—that Booker was not such a fool after all; I am inclined to think that perhaps—only perhaps—it was because of something that Jane and I never had, Love, the kind of Love that cares not whether its object be fat or thin or homely or beautiful, the kind of love that should be spelt with a big L.



The Bluestocking

Spectacles

O, know you the spectacle peddler
Who travels from east to west?
The wares he brings are magic,
The magic that's white and best.

Have you looked through these marvelous glasses?
Around on every hand
Every daisy and thistle
Is a palace of fairyland.

Behind black type of volumes
Gleameth the poet's soul.
And what we had glimpsed in fragments
We now perceive as the whole.

For they blind not to suffering and sorrow
That human hearts oppress;
But they show the remedy also,
Or the deeper blessedness.

But, oh! there's a price upon them
In coin that few will pay;
For a man's whole heart are they valued,
And it is not paid in a day.

But the worth of these spectacles magic!
There's beauty in every clod,
We can see the truth in seconds,
And in beauty and truth see God.

So, come, you elfin peddler!
I'll look though it be to die;
I'll give my heart for your magic,
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

—KATHARINE ALLYN SEE.



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Prize



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Lots of Fun





Athletics

Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind.



Athletics

It is to be hoped that the Mary Baldwin Athletic Association has accomplished in 1924-'25 results that are to count for the future, and that its members have profited not only physically but mentally and morally, by participating in wholesome athletic sports.

The first contest of the season was the baseball game, won by the "Whites." It was not a particularly scientific performance if judged by the standards of the "Giants," but good fun. Basketball was quite another matter. Many endured weeks of hard practice which included "Training-table" and it was a real achievement to be chosen for the teams. The games between all teams were sharply contested and brought out some excellent team work. The second teams were especially good. They played a snappy game and by giving stiff practice to the firsts, derived much benefit for themselves. The "Whites," as this year's victors, were hostesses at the annual basketball banquet held on March the twelfth. The Athletic Council is awarding gold basketballs to all those who were on the first teams, both "Yellows" and "Whites."

The Monogram Club means especial athletic distinction. To be eligible for membership one must make one or more of the following records: (1) Member of first team—Basketball and Hockey; (2) Highest individual record in each track event; (3) Winner first place in tennis tournament, "Yellow" and "White"; (4) Letters for completing Hike Club mileage two years in succession. There are so far seven in the Monogram Club with new members to be taken in before the close of the year.

The Hiking Club by the way, has been a joy to many. The only requirements for admission are a love of the great out-doors, and a pair of low heeled stout oxfords. (The latter statement will have a familiar sound to many.) The first girls to accomplish the total mileage are Maurine Tully, Janet Stockton, Coyce Wright, Eleanor Hubert, and Jean Scott.

There remains much to be done before we close our year—a gymnastic exhibition, hockey, track, tennis tournament, and the grand finale, the commencement pageant.

The Athletic Council is here given well merited approval for the example shown by its five hard-working members. It had accomplished a grand improvement in Athletic Standards, and its co-operation has been a constant encouragement to the Athletic director.

Much is hoped for in our next year's athletics. We ask continual interest from the student body to make all our activities bigger and better.

Let's all pull together!

—MARGARET SEYMORE BECKWITH.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL



YELLOWS



WHITES





Scott

Martin

Hume

1925

Bull

Parrish

Burdege

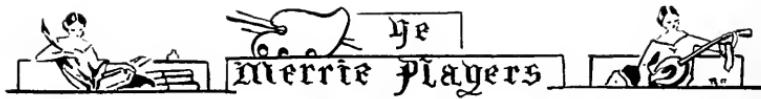
Yellowm



THANKSGIVING GAME



AT WORK

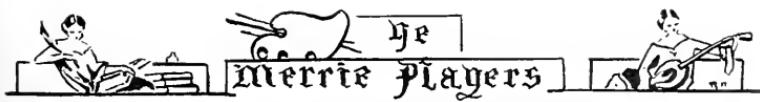


New Girl Entertainment.



The Charm School

Senior Play.



Christmas Morning Watch. Y.W.C.A.



Valentine Tea.

Bluestocking Staff.

He
merrie players



Glory of the Morning.

Expression Department.



Under the Gray Hat.

Miscellany Play.



Statistics

*None but the brave
deserve the fair.*



The Bluestocking

There Ain't No Justice

Can you beat it! Here I've eaten all the year,
Rolls and rolls with mayonnaise; potatoes, beets and ham—
To make the assurance doubly sure of getting in statistics,
I bolted down more bread and jam.
And can you guess what happened then?
My sylph-like figure sylphed no more,
And when statistics came around I sure was plenty sore—

There
Wasn't

No

Biggest

Eater!

Golly, there ain't no justice.

Now I've been the most untidy girl in school,
Never swept beneath the beds, never dusted overhead,
Threw clothes 'round on every chair despite inspection rule
I couldn't have cleaned up less, 'less I was dead!
Sure I didn't care 'bout a few demerits more or less,
For when statistics came I knew I'd get it
For the most untidiest, but, darn the editor,

There

Wasn't

No

Most

Untidy!

There ain't no justice.

Then I sat down and wrote this poetical poem
Crammed full of great wit and grammatical crimes
Against this masterpiece Shakespeare himself had no show
I'd get voted the most poetical because of this excellent rhyme
But do you know what statistics did to the muse?
Shakespeare and Milton had no chance to loose
'Cause

There

Wasn't

No

Most

Poetical.

I give up: There ain't no justice.



Most Popular and Ideal Mary Baldwin Girl—Rocier Craig Martin



MOST ATTRACTIVE—ELEANOR RUSSELL EASTMAN



MOST INTELLECTUAL—ELIZABETH SPOTTS ROBERTS



BEST DANCER—ROSALIE HULL



MOST STYLISH—ROB LEE WESSENDORF

Statistics .. Seconds

Most Aulicish-L.Wilmette



Most Intellectual

M.A. Gill .. K. Gee



Most Popular M. Scott



Most Attractive
M. Hancock



Ideal M.B. Girl - Maude Miller
M. Deans, M. Bull, M. Scott

Best Dancer..
A.M. Martin



FASHION'S DICTATES among the gents of the middle ages

as seen by that fashion-plate, Sir Launcelot



SOLID IRON DERBY
Built for speed, to knock the
slats out of your opponent at
the joust. Deadly points in
action. Good ventilation, with
special trapdoor for asthma.



"COMFYS" for the
knight when lounging about the castle

V.M.I. SIGNET-
rings To stamp
mi-lord's documents,
to worry the fair
damsels. For all oc-
casions.



NON-BUSTABLE ROSE
to carry in the tourna-
ment. If you don't
appeal to any damsel
fair, buy your own. A
knight's one touch of
vanity. Be yourselves



SCHILD DEVICES
Something new in the
cross-word puzzle and
wireless motif is felt
in the realms of
heraldry.



"CHARLEMAGNE BOB"
is much worn by
all the boys.



JEWELED CAN-OPENER
(A nice handy stiletto in
disguise for use in a tight
corner) is universally
carried by all the young
beef-eaters about town.



SOFT BOSOMED SHIRTS-
of mail, for dress wear.—
Steel corseted, for the
kneve with infinite refine-
ment.



THIS LITTLE 1-TON
thimble may only be worn
by Knights of the Bath.
(Meetings Saturday nights).
Not commonly seen, but pop-
ular this year.



KNEE-CAPS
to prevent injury
to young and giddy
knights. (Favored
by King Arthur)

L.P.C.

Contributed by LUCY PAGE COFFMAN

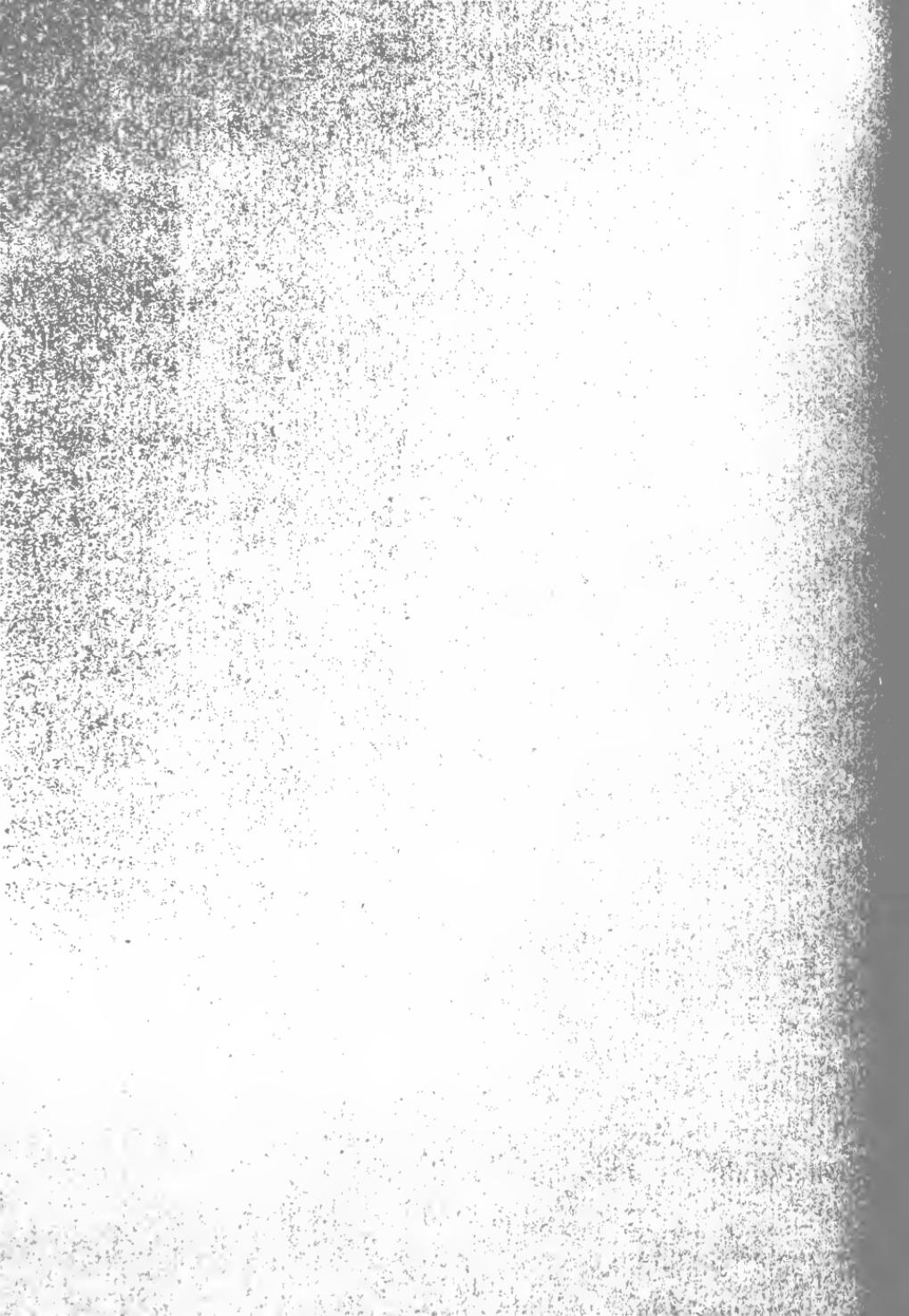
*Know
Thyself?*

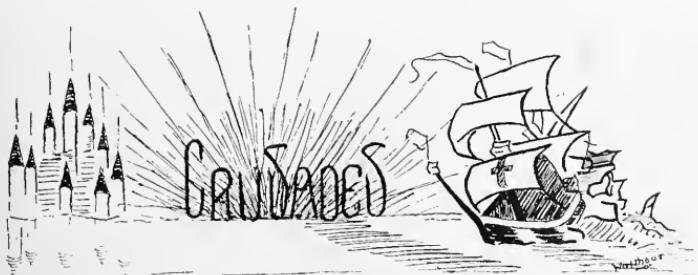




Crusades

*Noble by birth, yet nobler
by great deeds.*





Around the World with Mary Baldwin



Mrs. BULL
Founder of Mary Baldwin School in Korea

To China, to Korea, to Brazil, to the dark lands of the earth they have gone, the Mary Baldwin women. And they have borne something with them, a link connecting them with us. To three schools in particular our interest goes. Not only from the fact that by their money the students of Mary Baldwin aid in the support of these, are they so peculiarly our own. For Mary Baldwin has given of her money, of her influence, she has given her daughters, and a portion or double portion of her spirit.

The Bluestocking

THE MARY BALDWIN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, KUNSAN, KOREA



THE MARY BALDWIN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, KOREA

The Mary Baldwin School for Girls at Kunsan, Korea, is known throughout the country of Korea. It is built on a beautiful, quiet spot of the Mission compound on the side of a hill overlooking the broad river which flows into the Yellow Sea. The building is of gray brick and stone. Though built in 1912, it is in fine condition and makes a most comfortable home for the school. The school compound is surrounded by a stone wall so as to make the grounds more private for the girls. In the yard there is another small tile-roofed Korean building which is used as a dormitory.

In the basement of the main building are the kitchen and laundry. On the first floor there are four dormitories on one side and the dining-room and two bed-rooms on the other. On the second floor there are five class-rooms and the office.

Many young girls have gone out from this school and have carried the Christian religion into villages where Christ was unknown. The daughters of our Christian constituency find in this school a place to pursue their studies where their Christian characters can be built up.

As it is the alumnae of Mary Baldwin Seminary who have made this school possible, as it is the determination and devotion of one particular Mary Baldwin woman, Mrs. Libby Alby Bull, that has made the school what it is, we see that the sun never sets on the activities of Mary Baldwin women, and our hearts should be glad.

The school needs your help. Remember, this is your school. We are hoping that the *Mary Baldwin School in Korea* will mean to that country what the *Mary Baldwin Seminary* has meant to our Southland.

The Bluestocking

THE MARTHA D. RIDDLER SCHOOL AT HWAIANFU, CHINA



MISS MARTHA D. RIDDLER

"Our shadow-selves, our influence, may fall where we can never be."

Miss Martha Riddle, once teacher of history at Mary Baldwin, has many memorials. In the hearts of women who were her pupils is the image of a queenly woman, with that gentleness of dignity which inspires respect. And not respect alone: "We wanted to do our best," writes one, "for we loved Miss Martha." She was always a careful teacher; the hard parts were never slighted by instructor or pupil; Miss Riddle explained step by step, clearly, and seemed to breathe some of her own earnestness into the others. They never forgot. "It is no wonder her girls want to honor her memory wherever they go. Such beautiful Christian character is bound to leave its impress upon all whom it touches." And so they remember.

Some have done even better. Not only did they carry away her image, but her inspiration. Far away in old China stands the Martha Riddle School. In 1916 this school was established

at Hwaiianfu to minister to the needs of the Chinese girls. Miss Lily Woods, a former Mary Baldwin girl, was placed in charge. And what better name could she and her Mary Baldwin associates give to it than that which spelled for them so much of high ideal and inspiration—Martha Riddle.



THE MARTHA D. RIDDLER SCHOOL IN CHINA

The Bluestocking

THE CHARLOTTE KEMPER SEMINARY AT LAVRAS, BRAZIL

MISS CHARLOTTE KEMPER, FRIEND AND INSPIRER OF YOUTH
(A TRIBUTE)



MISS CHARLOTTE KEMPER
For Twelve Years Teacher at the Mary
Baldwin Seminary

ing through her classes, have felt the touch of her life and have gained inspiration for their own.

In the class-room and in the privacy of her study; by the printed page and by the fair pages of her life and character—"epistles known and read" of multitudes, she has wrought beauty, symmetry and strength into the lives of boys and of girls, of men and of women. There is probably not a State in the vast Republic of Brazil where her name is not known and revered by some who have felt the uplifting touch of her life and service.

Thousands at home and abroad who have known her but to love and admire her, who have touched her life but to feel its noble upward urge toward eternal things will, in that day, rise up and call her blessed, and even now they pray "Let us follow her as she followed her Lord."

Born in Virginia, eighty-seven years ago, Miss Kemper has enjoyed the rare distinction of having made her impress for good on the youth of two continents. She pointed them to brighter worlds and led the way.

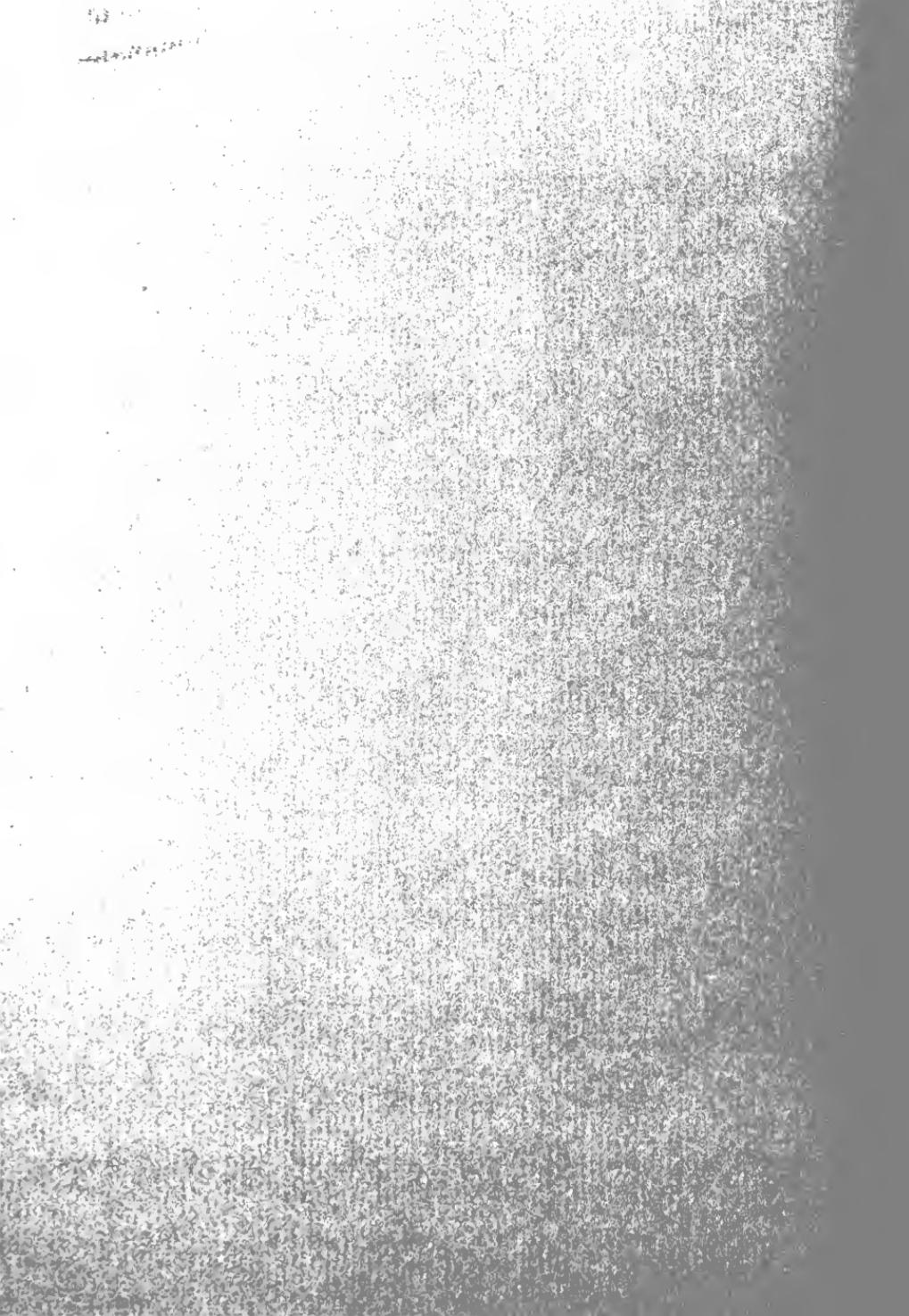
As beloved teacher and friend, for twelve years at Mary Baldwin, she came into close and constant touch with hundreds of the choicest spirits of our country's young womanhood; and for twelve years, with hands divinely guided and deft, with ideals born from above, she aided in shaping the lives and moulding the character of those who have since become the mothers and grandmothers of multitudes of the fairest and noblest daughters of Virginia and the Southland.

When she had thus served in the homeland, she had a vision of another continent's needs. In obedience to the Master's command, and in full harmony with His spirit and His motives, she sailed for Brazil in 1882. First at Campinas and later at Lavras, she has served in the same spirit of devotion. For forty-three years now her gifts of mind and heart have been devoted unstintedly to building up the young manhood and the young womanhood of the land of the Pedros. Hundreds of them, pass-



The Dream Castle

*And did not dream
it was a dream.*





REV. RUFUS W. BAILEY
Founder of Augusta Female Seminary



A College in the Making

"Study the past if you would divine the future."



TAUNTON can truly boast of scenic beauty, of historical prestige, and of being one of the early southern educational centers. Very early in the nineteenth century, history tells us that a number of schools, intimately associated with the Presbyterian Church, were conducted in Staunton.

Into a "fair land of chivalry and old domain" came Reverend Rufus W. Bailey in 1842 seeking to establish a school for girls and young women of the South and West. Why Mr. Bailey thought of founding a school in Staunton is not in the records of history. Undoubtedly a man of his ability saw that the natural position of Staunton made it the logical site for an institution of learning west of the Blue Ridge mountains.

Although Mr. Bailey was a native of Maine he had spent much time in South Carolina, before coming to Staunton. After making the acquaintance of a group of prominent men in Staunton and Augusta County—ministers and members of the Presbyterian Church—he suggested to them the founding of an educational institution, "to afford the means of a thorough literary and Christian education" to the young women of the South. His suggestion was cordially received. Accordingly, in August, 1842, a constitution for the Augusta Female Seminary was adopted, a Board of Trustees was elected, and Mr. Bailey was made the first principal. He served in that capacity seven years. The first charter was issued by the Legislature of Virginia in 1845.

The school, opened during the fall of 1842, held its first session in a frame building, not connected with the present site. The number of pupils and the success during its first year appeared to be of prophetic import. Among the pupils, who numbered sixty that year, was one, Miss Mary Julia Baldwin, destined to be vitally connected with the institution. At the first annual meeting of the Board of Trustees in the spring of 1843, a financial committee was appointed, and a few days later, among other reports, suggested to the Board that they proceed "to devise the ways and means for the creation of a suitable Seminary building" and that "the building be erected on the lot of the Presbyterian Church in Staunton, on such terms as the Trustees of the two institutions might agree upon."

The corner-stone of the first Seminary building—still the central part of "Main Building"—was laid with appropriate ceremonies in June, 1844, the end of the second scholastic year. It is not strange that the institution has stood for the highest Christian virtues, and has had an enviable record when one reads that in the corner-stone was deposited "a copy of the Bible enclosed in oil silk with the



The Bluestocking

superscription: 'The only Rule of Faith and the first textbook of the Augusta Female Seminary.' At some time before 1846 the building was occupied.

Mr. Bailey's successful administration lasted until 1849. When he left Staunton, the congregation of the Presbyterian Church presented him with a silver service in appreciation of the valuable work he had done in the community. He not only founded the Seminary, but it was upon his suggestion and under his leadership that the present Presbyterian Manse was built. The two big monumental deeds of Mr. Bailey are being united now, as Fortune is directing the Manse into the possession of the Seminary.

Mr. Bailey was an author as well as an educator and minister. *The Scholar's Companion* and *Talk to Girls* are among his literary works. There are many worthy descendants of Mr. Bailey in this and other states. One of his grandsons, Doctor H. P. Campbell, is Dean of Washington and Lee University; another, Rev. R. F. Campbell, D. D., is pastor of the influential First Presbyterian Church of Asheville, North Carolina. One of the proud possessions of The Mary Baldwin is Mr. Bailey's portrait which hangs on the parlor walls.

Mr. Bailey was followed by five men as principals, whose administrations were in many ways auspicious. During this period, however, the Seminary was confronted with financial difficulties, but being under the shadow of the Presbyterian Church it received substantial help from leading Christian men in the community. It was during that same period, nevertheless, that the growth in the number of students necessitated the adding of both wings of Main Building. Upon Mr. Bailey's resignation in 1849 Reverend Samuel Matthews became principal and served for one year. Reverend William G. Campbell was elected principal for the next year, but apparently served only half the term. In 1851 Reverend William B. Brown was made principal and served successfully until his resignation in 1856. The next principal was Mr. William H. Marquis, who served one year, 1856-1857. Mr. John B. Tinsley, the last of the line of male principals, followed Mr. Marquis and kept the school opened during the battle-years of 1861-1863. The last two years of Mr. Tinsley's principalship did not foretell a bright future. Within those war-years the number of boarders was greatly reduced and their places were filled with refugees. On the whole, the Seminary under the direction of the six men of God, had a successful career the first twenty-one years of its existence, but at the end of their régime in 1863 there appeared no rosy cloud on the horizon.

When the tragedies and disasters of war were at their flood-tide, Miss Mary Julia Baldwin, a native of Staunton, was induced to serve the school as principal, and her friend Miss Agnes McClung, to serve as matron and house-keeper. It was under Miss Baldwin's guidance that the philosopher's stone to success was polished, and the future greatness of the school was made a certainty.

In a peculiar way is the Mary Baldwin School for girls a woman's school.



The Seminary most fully realized itself under the leadership of three remarkable women—Miss Mary Julia Baldwin, Miss Ella C. Weimar, and Miss Marianna P. Higgins—who, through their administration of sixty-one years, have pointed the way to true womanhood and to high ideals, and have conducted the youth to the source of wisdom and right thinking—who perfected and perpetuated the spirit of the school! Truly, Mary Baldwin is a school “Of Women, By Women, and For Women.”

It was due to Mr. Joseph Addison Waddell's keen insight that the services of Miss Baldwin and those of her friend, Miss McClung, were secured. Mr. Waddell, a personal friend of Miss Baldwin's, had observed her unselfish life, her lofty character, her intellectual endowment, and her administrative capacity. Neither did he doubt Miss McClung's ability to manage the department for which she was suggested. Due to their modesty and to their sensibility of the obligations embodied in such a trust, they both were inclined to reject Mr. Waddell's offer. But when the Board of Trustees elected them, they accepted their trust.

Mr. Waddell, for fifty-five years Secretary of the Board of Trustees, was a devoted friend of the school and an ardent worker for its success. In his history of the school he gives a graphic picture of the difficulties encountered by the “joint-principals,” as Miss Baldwin and Miss McClung were often termed. “No man would have had the courage or fortitude to start under such circumstances as they did. The Seminary was almost entirely stripped of furniture: there was scarcely even enough to furnish the bed-rooms of the principals, who resorted to the expedient of borrowing from their friends. When a boarder was entered, all necessary chamber and table furniture had to be borrowed.”

On the opening day in October, 1863, fifty-five day pupils and twenty-two boarders were enrolled—probably a larger number than in any preceding session. But Miss Baldwin's financial problems during the war were real ones, for currency had greatly depreciated. Exhibiting her marked characteristic of common sense “she stipulated that as far as possible the payments for board and tuition should be made in country produce—flour, corn, meats, butter, poultry, eggs, vegetables, etc.”

With the faculty of a true educator, she had the capacity “to look through every other man with sharp inspection,” and consequently she made no mistake in choosing the teachers to whom she looked for the establishing of the high scholastic standards, for which the school has ever stood. Then, when institutions of higher learning for women were rare, was Mary Baldwin second to none in the South.

In 1880, upon the death of Miss McClung, Miss Baldwin lost a sympathetic and safe counselor. Miss McClung's place was partially filled by Miss Baldwin's aunt, Miss Heiskell. Miss Baldwin, in 1889, feeling the need of an assistant, asked the Trustees for the services of Miss Ella C. Weimar, who continued as



MEMORIAL WINDOW



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assistant-principal during the remainder of Miss Baldwin's life. After thirty-four years of efficient and loving service, Miss Baldwin died in 1897, in her sixty-eighth year.

Miss Baldwin, one of the first woman educators of the South, spent her entire life in Staunton. It was her "genius which made the Seminary's walls rise and her philanthropy which gave it a permanent endowment." But Mr. Armistead C. Gordon in his *Brief Memoir of Miss Baldwin* gives us the true secret of her power. "Her religious faith was very great, and to this faith, even more than to her valiant spirit, her unusual ability, and her indomitable will, the triumphant accomplishment of her mission in life is attributable."

The high appreciation which the Trustees had of Miss Baldwin's services was substantially shown, when in 1895, two years before her death, they requested the Legislature of Virginia to change the name of The Augusta Female Seminary to The Mary Baldwin Seminary.

Through the mists of the years, and the darkness of distance, the Alumnæ, scattered abroad through our United States and in foreign lands, did not cease to remember the virtues of Miss Baldwin. Accordingly, in 1901, they unveiled a window in the Chapel as a monument that will preserve the memory of one whom all delight to honor. There, true stories of her breadth of vision, of her warm and tender sympathy, of her earnest Christian life are told in stained glass.



Upon Miss Baldwin's death in 1897, Miss Ella C. Weimar, teacher in the institution from 1873--1875, and assistant-principal from 1889-1897, was elected



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principal of the Seminary, by the Trustees. Miss Weimar received the mantle from Miss Baldwin, and with the torch of progress well ignited, marched steadily forward. But hers was not a path of velvety grass. There were rocks and pebbles and holes and plenty of obstructions; but only those intimately connected with the Seminary knew of them. The test of greatness is to surmount all difficulties, and this Miss Weimar did to a high degree.

A character that is closely associated with the external progress of the institution is that of Mr. William Wayt King. Mr. King, the successful business manager of Mary Baldwin, has had the longest term of service of any of the pres-



ent officers. It was in the year 1890 that he came to Mary Baldwin as secretary to Miss Baldwin, and since that time his services have become essential to the welfare and prosperity of the school. When Miss Baldwin died in 1899 and Miss Weimar was elected her successor, Mr. King was elected business manager. This official duty he has performed so sagaciously and competently for over a quarter of a century, that when the Trustees transformed the Seminary into the College, it was to Mr. King that they turned for help in business affairs. But Mr. King is not only lauded for his dexterous management of economic resources, but for his armament of Christian manhood and faith. To this quality may be attributed his success in matters material, and the cheer and happiness which he spreads abroad.

It was during Miss Weimar's administration that many of the Mary Baldwin



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buildings assumed the contours that they still possess. It is ever a source of wonder how the modest group of buildings extended up the unpromising hillside and grew to such proportions, and yet maintained unity and beauty. Because Miss Weimar, and the efficient business manager, Mr. King, realized that the best things of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself, the Mary Baldwin has a goodly heritage. It is because they carved their work on the solid rock that the present generation can climb higher and higher "along the Alps of human power."

In February before her resignation, Miss Weimar had the pleasure of seeing the honored Seminary recognized as a Junior College. After a total connection of about thirty years with the school, Miss Weimar resigned in June, 1916. Her administration was characterized by remarkable growth and expansion.

To promote the highest intellectual development, Miss Weimar, as well as former principals, carefully selected efficient instructors of keen mental power and of high character. The temptation to pause and review for a moment a few of the outstanding members of the faculty is overpowering. Foremost is the name of Miss Martha D. Riddle, for more than thirty years instructor of history at Mary Baldwin. Such an indelible stamp did Miss Riddle leave on Mary Baldwin and those under her instruction, that her devoted admirers have perpetrated her name and Christian ideals in *The Martha Riddle School* in China. Miss Charlotte Kemper, ever manifesting affectionate regard for the institution in which she taught for twelve years, was so successful in her work in Brazil that there the ideals of Mary Baldwin are embodied in *The Charlotte Kemper School*.

But also many brilliant daughters have gone forth from these walls to various fields of usefulness. Some have gone as principals and heads of schools and colleges; some as missionaries to foreign lands. Thus the sun never sets on the ideals and standards of Mary Baldwin; yea, the name of *Mary Baldwin* resounds in Korea in the Mary Baldwin school in Korea, organized and developed by one of the alumnae, Mrs. Libby Alby Bull.

With all of this splendid work The Mary Baldwin had not particularly adapted itself to the new movement which was becoming prevalent early in the twentieth century, of preparing girls for colleges. Seven years before Miss Weimar's resignation as principal of Mary Baldwin Seminary, Miss Marianna P. Higgins came to the school as an instructor in English. Miss Weimar, recognizing Miss Higgins' ability, gave her the opportunity of re-organizing the preparatory English along modern standards. This task was efficiently done and the work in the preparatory and collegiate departments was clearly defined. So successful was the plan that other departments gradually adapted themselves to the modern standards of organization. The classification of Mary Baldwin as a Junior College by the State Board of Education in 1916, was only a recognition of the fact that the Seminary had organized its curriculum according to the present criterion.



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Upon Miss Weimar's resignation in 1916, Miss Higgins was elected principal by the Board. Perhaps externally there have been few changes, but inwardly,



due to Miss Higgins' efforts and efficiency, the Seminary strode proudly forward. If progress were certain, there would be little honor in attaining it. Great honor should be accorded to those responsible for retaining the well-defined group of ideals and thoroughness of education for which Mary Baldwin has ever stood, and yet organizing the curriculum and adjusting the details of routine to fit the age. Then the period of adjustment necessarily following a war is not an easy problem for the individual, the institution, or the nation. Miss Higgins discreetly guided the Seminary through that critical period, saving and strengthening all that Mary Baldwin represented. Hardly were the scars of war invisible, when into the internal organization of the school was injected the college movement in 1922—a memorable year for Mary Baldwin! Welcome as the "young child" is, it has nevertheless, added much of anxiety and of complication to the administrator's problems. But at every turn has Miss Higgins offered the proper and best solution of perplexing situations.

We have taken such a panoramic view "Across the Years," because the future is purchased by the present, and the present is the living sum-total of the past.

In 1922, The Board of Trustees, realizing that progress was the law of life,



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and remembering that expansion and growth marked Miss Baldwin's philosophy, took the supreme step and created a college on the Seminary's foundation, determining that they would make it a worthy expression of Miss Baldwin's Spirit. The new charter provided for the Seminary or preparatory school which will commemorate her achievement and the college which will manifest her animating principle. Because of the close affiliation throughout the past of the Seminary with the Presbyterian Church, it was but a small matter to have the Board of Trustees which control both institutions selected by the Synod of Virginia. The past proclaims the future. Had there been no Augusta Female Seminary, there would have been no Mary Baldwin Seminary; had there been no Mary Baldwin Seminary there would have been no Mary Baldwin College.

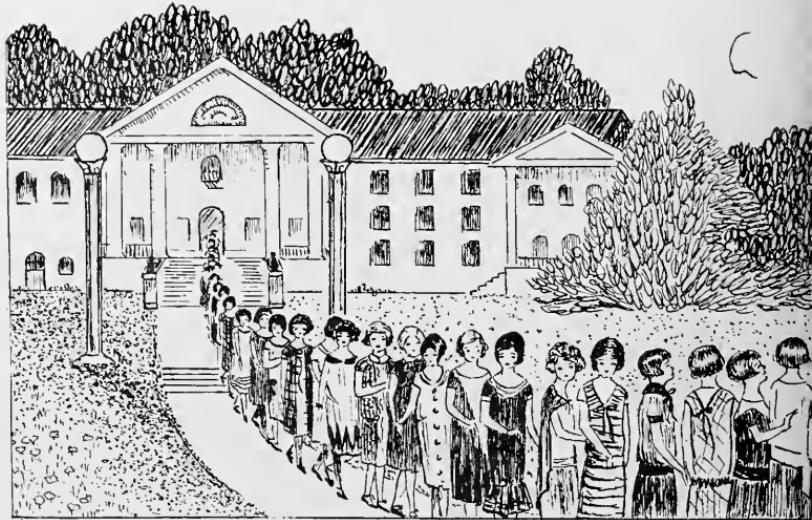
In the organization necessary for a college, The Reverend A. M. Fraser, D. D., L. L. D., pastor of The First Presbyterian Church of Staunton, member of



the Board of Trustees of Mary Baldwin for thirty-two years and President of the Board for sixteen years, was elected President; Miss Marianna P. Higgins, Dean of the College and Principal of the Seminary, and Mr. William Wayt King, Business Manager. During the period of his entire connection with the school, Doctor Fraser has rendered able and devoted service. Now he is bending all his energy and power to the accomplishment of a magnificent project destined to make The Mary Baldwin a leader among southern colleges.



NEW COLLEGE SITE IN BLOSSOM TIME



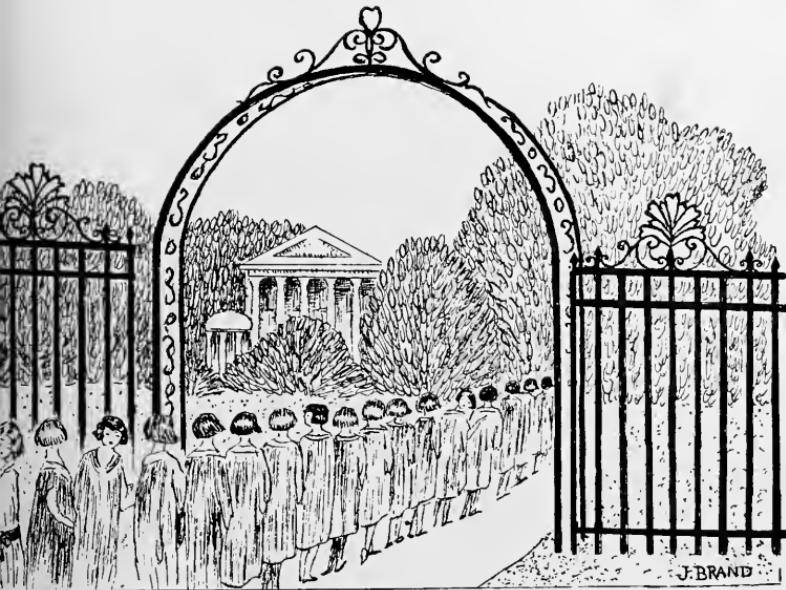
It is no idle boast that future generations will consider Doctor Fraser and Miss Higgins the

" . . . fair beginners of a nobler time,
Who came from out a mountain cleft
And built it to the music of their sacred harps."

They have the ability for the task. They have lived and labored so that what came to them as seed might go to the next generation as blossom, and what came to them as blossom, will pass on as fruit.

The future is a world limited only by our vision. Thus far a clear and far-seeing vision has guided the College. A site, consisting of two hundred and fifteen acres, one mile from Staunton on the Lee National Highway, and commanding a fine view of the Shenandoah Valley has been purchased for the new college. It is peculiarly appropriate that the legacy left by Miss Baldwin and carefully invested for twenty-five years, should be used to purchase the ground—to perform the initial step in realizing the vision—to "carry on" the Spirit of Mary Baldwin!

A campaign for \$1,600,000 is to be launched in April, 1925, by the Board of Trustees, the Alumnæ and the Citizens of Staunton. A half million of this has already been pledged by the Synod of Virginia; \$100,000 by the Chamber of Commerce of Staunton and Augusta County; \$500,000 to create a birthplace memorial for President Wilson, by the Trustees; and \$500,000 is the goal set by the



Alumnae. For the future we are all permitted to labor, and to "carry out" the vision of Doctor Fraser and the Trustees. Let all be able to say to them:

"The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high."

The Alumnae and former students have been thoroughly organized into legions for victory, ten district captains leading the legions occupying every nook and corner of the United States. Mrs. Benton McMillin, the wife of ex-Governor McMillin of Tennessee, and previous to that a United States Senator, is the honorary chairman of the nation-wide organization. Mrs. Roselle Mercier Montgomery, well known through her poems appearing in *The New York Times*, is the honorary vice-chairman, and Mrs. D. H. Hill Arnold of Elkins, West Virginia is the second honorary vice-chairman. "As a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," so will the Alumnae and ex-students scattered over the United States excite enthusiasm which will produce their \$500,000 goal for the building fund. Before the campaign began the Alumnae decided that part of their quota should go into an appropriate and beautiful residence hall, known as the William Wayt King Dormitory, in appreciation of the part he has had in making the present dormitories beautiful and comfortable. As Business Manager of the Mary Baldwin for thirty-five years, Mr. King has been chiefly identified with the physical growth of the Seminary. So the memory of Mr. King's cheerfulness,



helpfulness, thoughtfulness, and ability will be perpetuated in this appropriate tribute—though for all those that ever had the fortune of knowing Mr. King, no such memorial need be created to keep their memories vivid, nor their affections steadfast.

Another feature of the proposed evolution of the college is the intention of the Board of Trustees to raise a fund of \$500,000 to create a birthplace memorial to President Wilson. President Alderman of the University of Virginia heads the birthplace memorial committee. It is preëminently fitting that the birthplace memorial should be identified with education, for Mr. Wilson was an author, educator, and statesman of the first magnitude.

The college is proud of the link it has with the world hero. It was while his father, Reverend Joseph Wilson, D. D., was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, that Woodrow Wilson was born in the Manse, and baptized in the church edifice, which later became the Mary Baldwin Chapel, for the life of the Church and the life of the Seminary have been peculiarly inter-related during the last eighty-two years. Now the College wishes to complete the link by acquiring the Manse and converting it into a shrine; to restore the old church (at present the school chapel) in which Mr. Wilson was baptized to its original form, and to erect an administration building on the college campus, "Woodrow Wilson Hall," in every respect worthy to bear the illustrious name of the historic character.

The proposed development aims to give Mary Baldwin College its rightful inheritance—the first place among women's colleges in the South. With buildings more stately and noble than the outgrown shell, with a campus ideally situated and spacious, with the guidance of a spiritual and well-prepared faculty, will come a more noble, ideal, and spiritual womanhood. The future is lighted with a radiant color of hope! We give thanks to the spirit of Mary Baldwin, to the President, the Dean, the Business Manager, and the Board of Trustees that have led us thus far. Let us add our labors to make their visions a reality—to make the College second to none in the South.

So here's to the College, the foster child of the beloved Seminary! May the College ever worship the ideals of its Alma Mater. Nay, even more, may it strengthen the best of the past, conceive higher ideals and diffuse upon the earth, Life and Light!



BIRTHPLACE OF WOODROW WILSON

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

(It will be set apart as a National Memorial to Mr. Wilson.)



MISS ELSIE WALKER JONES, North Carolina
First Graduate Mary Baldwin College

MISS NANNIE LEWIS TATE, Virginia
First Graduate Augusta Female Seminary

The Jester



*The fish that once was caught
New bayte will hardly bite.*



The Bluestocking

Hot Jokes

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Huh?

Uh-huh!!!

Whoa!!!!!!

TODAY

Huh?

Uh-huh!!!

Crash!!!!



Helen: "See that cadet over there? I wouldn't speak to him if I met him on the street!"

Margaret Grace: "Why not?"

Helen: "I don't know him!"

Dick: "I'm thinking of asking you to marry me."

Florence: "You're not thinking—you're dreaming!"

Percy: "That girl has her mother's looks."

Archie: "Well, somebody has them!"

Spindle: "Impossible! Maurine an actress?"

Ragan: "Don't be so terribly funny! Didn't I used to sing in a choir?"

English Teacher: "Your mother's face is studied longer than any book."

General Opinion: "She never took French!"

Martha: "Gee, you have a line, Julia!"

Julia: "Well, I have to have something to hang my clothes on!"

"I have you in my grip now," muttered Maude, as she slung her clothes in her hatbox.

Barber: "Haircut \$1.00."

Barbara (fumbling at purse): "How many hairs of mine did you cut?"

The Bluestocking



TO BE PERFECTLY FRANK, IT SHOULD READ THUS

I have an awful lot of work to do this week, so if you don't hear from me you'll know that I'm reading *Cosmopolitan* just the same.

Eleanor: "Hallie, why don't you study your French?"

Hallie: "None of this half way stuff for me. I can't possibly make 100, so why fool with an 85?"

Jinx C.: "I adore Jack's features. They're so wonderfully molded."

Jinks B.: "I can't say that I care much for mildew."

Carter: "Say Dot, did you get the films Kay put on your vanity?"

Dot: "On my what?"

Carter: "Oh, I mean on your washstand."

Why go to the Triangle show when all you need is a little tactlessness to have one of your own?

Walthour (writing theme): "What's a word that means appreciation of music?"

Chinky (thoroughly bored): "In how many letters?"

Slats: "You haven't changed much."

Agnes: "No, the laundry hasn't come back yet."

Doctor: "I can cure you for \$500."

Missouri: "How much are wheel chairs?"

Doc: "About \$100."

Mo.: "Just make me a semi-invalid."

Carol (eating pecans that Red sent): "Anna, these nuts are good enough to have come off the moon."

Anna: "Yes? Red's an aviator, you know!"

The Bluestocking



Florence: "I think I'll bring me a man home for dinner."
 Mildred: "Now, don't bring a tough one!"

Seashore: "But Lucy, surely you've heard of Heaven?"
 Lucy: "Oh, yes! Heaven's sake!"

Walthour (eager to climb the ladder, starting at the bottom): "Didn't you say that Daddy had hair like snow once?"
 Walthour: "Of course."
 Walthour: "Well, who shoveled it off?"

Jean: "What do you think of mud as a beautifier?"
 Lena: "Look at the turtle!"

Miss Blish (in chemistry): "Hazel, what is density?"
 Hazel: "I can't explain it, but I can give you a good example.
 Miss Blish: "The example is good, sit down!"

Nottingham: "Let's go for a walk."
 Watkins: "How come?"
 Nottingham: "Doctor's orders. I have to exercise with a dumb-bell every-day."

Helen: "Rocier, am I made of dust?"
 Rocier: "I think not, Helen."
 Helen: "Why not?"
 Rocier: "If you were you'd dry up once in a while."

He: "How 'bout a date tonight?"
 She: "Aw right, meet me in the revolving door and we'll step around together."



"Mother," cried little Frances, as she rushed to the farmhouse where they were visiting, "Oscar wants the Listerine. He's caught the cutest little black and white animal and he thinks it has halitosis."

Jack: "Why do you call her your "Banana Girl?"
 John: "She gave me the slip!"

The Bluestocking



SIR LOSTALOT'S LUCK OR WHAT YOU WANT!

The first strike, lucky or not, dates back to the time when knighthood was blossoming and a Canadian Yankee was revolutionizing old King Auretuis' court. "Odds bods, ye gods," foamed old Sir Bar Sapolio, Knight of the Bath and of Thursday (maid's night off then, too) as he brandished his trusty eversharp in the dense air," there's much rotten in one state and me knows 'tis not Denmark either. What's to be done! Every gum factory has been closed, deserted! Not a brain cell working anywhere! The fair country's jaws longing to be exercised! What a todo!" In a cloud of dust and creaking of badly fitting armor, Sir Lostalot, his closest and also tightest friend, drove up. "What ho—me thinks something's amiss—hath any valet, as a jest, put ground glass in your morning Toasted Hay or run off with thy dame, fair Gumbo? Gazooks, 'tis a sorry state we're in, with all the knights crusading and not a lass working—not a damsels!! 'Tis a pretty plight, for the intense heat necessarily hath sadly befuddled their eyes and being cross-eyed, they no longer can man the vast smoke and spearmint breathing machinery. And the nation craves entertainment!"

"Eureka," Sir Lostalot suddenly exploded, "I have it! Cease all gumming operations—call forth all you cross-eyed damsels, and we'll put forth the jolly cross-eyed puzzles."

So once more the factory's cells functioned, and cross-eyed puzzles were found at every feasting board, on the lacquey's checkered coats.

Thus ended the first strike with a stroke of luck, making us realize, as Confucious clearly stated, "E pluribus unum!"

Bantley: "Had a big fight in my head last night."

Cornman: "How come?"

Bantley: "Two of my hairs fell out."

Customer: "How do you sell these cakes?"

Ragan: "I've often wondered myself."



The Bluestocking



He left the glittering ballroom—
And went out the open door—
His blind drag hadn't liked him—
So she turned out a bore.

He sat down by the fountain—
And had been there—it seemed a year—
When he found he wasn't alone—
A lady was with him there.

He made a few advances—
She didn't seem to mind—
He liked her silence and coldness—
And he thought her just his kind!

Many a time he kissed her—
And it didn't seem quite right—
But she was the marble statue—
And he was happy that night!!!

Miss Stuart: "When does this class recite again?"
And M'Cauley looks at her watch.

Jessie Gail: "Harvey, is your car a brougham?"
Harvey: "No, a Willys-Knight."



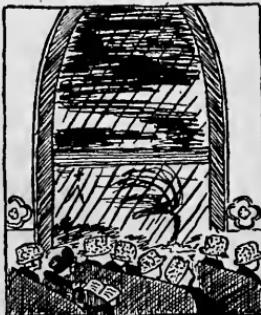
The Bluestocking

In 1492, Columbus got tired of this idea that the world was flat like some feet. Hopping on a street car (his bicycile unfortunately had a flat tire), he vacated it at a small dump commonly called the palace, and asked Isabella for her private yacht, to see if he could explode the theory! She not only turned over the royal yacht, but persuaded Ferdy (or Foidy, as it was called in those hectic times), to pawn the royal Ingersoll to hire him a gondola.

Being very particular, Columbus took only women and children, in case he had a wreck, so he could originate the saying, "Women and Children first."

They sailed for years and years and finally in about three months they saw the three mile limit off Miami. Columbus expressed great surprise at seeing so many apparent Spaniards in this new place (being misled by the tan, you understand). He dressed himself with much care, also a few clothes, and advanced upon the town attended by two small girls doing a dance of Spring. In case of misunderstanding, it was *Columbus* not the town, who was attended by two small girls doing a dance of Spring, throwing roses. Also understand, it was the *two small girls* doing a dance of Spring who were throwing roses, the two small girls, in other words, who were throwing roses. Only, the two small girls were *not in other words*, but to be exact, in very lovely Spanish Armadas, each having a graceful drape. And the two small girls were not the only ones who were not dressed in other words. No indeed! Many of the women were attired in brilliant Castillian dialects, with deep fringe.

But alas for Columbus! Also alack!! He forgot his smoked glasses. He didn't have even an old negative. No, dear! It wasn't an eclipse. Merely the pretty Macksennet girls that put his blinkers out!!!!



IT never rains but it pours



The Bluestocking

BED TIME STORY IN THE MODERN MANNER BEING A TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE IN ENGLAND, B. C.

A dark, gloomy old castle down in Devon. Devon by the sea, you know. With the eternal ocean dashing cavalierishly over the everlasting rocks at most any time of the day (night, too for that matter). A dark, forbidding exterior. Inside—'twas all contrast. A room on the second floor, for instance—all gay chintzy curtains and pet rag dolls and Special Release Vic records.

"Lovest thou me more than these, O dearest, my cuz?"

"Yea thou knowest that I love thee."

"Then pitchest me—gently, dear, gently—the mascaro."

Thus discoursed two buds of the flower of English womanhood in ancient England. And now the narrator must break down and confess like a common criminal. Words fail me but I shall be brave and rid my heart of its most cumbersome burden. These two—O, how can I tell it—these two charming things were none other than our dear Roberts of Richmond and Chasc City fame, transplanted to Medieval England. Again the pages of the past give utterance.

"Janie, beloved—who is't thou art accompanying to the Knight's of the Royal Suspenders Ball tonight?"

"Liz, thou art grown exceeding dumb—canst not drop thy Russian drama long enough to pay heed the first time I tell thee—Sir Battlebetter is his name."

Sir Battlebetter!! What an odd name—couldst rate no better than that?"

"Thou hast but slight room to rave—thy Cosy Role isn't a knight! A mere Armour-Maker indeed! Thou'l bring disgrace upon the family yet."

"O cease thy mad chattering. Here 'tis eight o'clock and not one of us attired. See—thou'st made me so nervous Prattling about Cosy I got my lipstick on most crooked."

"Liz—didst thou see slightest trace of my dorine?"

"Dost think I'd be troubling looking for thy dorine when I've lost my perfume flask?"

(To be continued five years hence)



The Bluestocking



When (K)nights were bold.

Ragan said she never realized how handsome the man in the moon was. Investigation revealed that the cadet on Ragan's negative was the indirect cause.

Then we knew the eclipse was eclipsing.

The next eclipse will be in 300 years. Some of us will still be flunking English.

Margaret said it looked *pretty* good from here, but *of course* this wasn't Danville.



Valuable picture of the eclipse just as the sun was completely covered by friend moon.

The Leader announced on January 28th that there would be a shortage of sun on January 23d.

Rebe and Hazel were awfully afraid it would be cloudy. Both were equally as disappointed.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Do come up and see us,
Oh we're an inspiring sight,
Many happy times have we.
Eating is our right.
Stove is never dirty,
Tomaine is our aim,
In our hefty menus our
Concoctions bring us fame.

Sara, Hazel, Rebe,
Cook with might and main,
In Miss Morse's kitchen
Each has won a name.
Noon meals they know how to wreck
Cooks they'll be some day, by heck.
Eat on, Household Ec.



The Bluestocking



WHEN KNIGHTHOOD
WAS IN FLOWER

MORE FAMOUS PHOTOS

(for visual minded)

- A man swallowing an insult
- A girl dropping hints
- A girl saving her face
- An event pregnant with portant
- An old lady on pins and needles
- A girl on her own
- A girl hurting her reputation
- A raft of information
- A man finding which side his bread is buttered on.



ONE KNIGHT IN THE STUDIO

Think before you speak, and by that time somebody else will answer correctly.



A KNIGHT AND HIS SPORT MODEL



The Bluestocking

THE RAT

Oh, she was the fairest maiden—fairest
Maiden in the world,
But they made her slick her hair back,
And her ears like sails unfurled,
Like sails before the wind, large and
White, swayed to and fro.

Oh, her lips were like two cherries—like
Two cherries, ripe and red,
But they banished all her lipsticks, and
Their cherry sweetness fled,
'Till she seemed but some pale ghost,
Some pale ghost of long ago.

Oh, her gowns were soft and clinging—
Clinging flying fairy things
But they made her wear them backwards
And now her costume clings
In a most peculiar fashion, fashion
Graceful as a crow.

Yes, she *was* the fairest maiden—
Fairest maiden ever seen,
But the old girls in their blindness, they
Dubbed her simply "green,"
And the poor graceful maiden, red-lipped
Maiden died of woe.



DON KABLEOTE'S HORSE

The Bluestocking

The unhappy shade of Janice Wilmeth wandered listlessly over the vast spaces between Elysium and Pluto's abode. Suddenly one of the Angelic Heralds appeared at the gateway of the Newest Star.

"La-a-a-st ca-a-l!!! for entrance to the Newest Star," he yelled in rather an un-angelic tone of voice. Mental registration—Pullman Porter during life.

Janice yawned lazily. "Where's my lipstick, Charlotte?" And for the first time one noticed the Little Thing tugging Janice forward by her hair.

But the Little Thing had a personality in spite of her size—an ego that ran to the Getting Somewhere Complex. "Now listen—forget that lipstick for once in your death. Saint Peter slammed the door in our faces because you *would* stop to pick it up after that million-mile drop. And Pluto said he didn't mind it making us late but Hudnut clashed with his color schemes. That's two places we lost out on. Drop the lipstick and let's make the third."

"Well, quit throwing it up to me." And with two vehemently vivid beacon-like lips Janice led the Little Thing on toward the Promised Star. But the Pullman-Porter-Angel-Herald saw them not.

Janice and Charlotte cut off their wing-power and slammed on the brakes. Too late! The bronze portals clanged right in their cherubic curly heads.



THINGS OF BEAUTY THAT ARE A JOY FOREVER

Rob's White Sweater

Nottingham's Feet in Gray and Tan (color scheme suggestion for taxi).

Jinks Princess Pat's.

Liz's Cantilevers.

Marie's Permanent.

Janie's Laughingly Termed Black Flaming Youth Pumps.

The Bluestocking

LOVE SONG OF '25

In the Class of '25



A Knight in Amor

Altho' our number's rather small,
You find us very much alive
All up and down the hall.

No one wears a sparkler yet—
Still, there's plenty time—
You ask which one our bride? You bet!
(I just said that to make it rhyme.)

Winnie says that she's not in love,
Or that her heart she did not sell.
We smile (polite), but—Heavens above!
What fits those roguish eyes can tell!

Pauline is just as bad
Tho' 'tis of Paul she dreams and sighs.
It really makes us feel quite sad
To see the longing in her eyes.

Now, Charlene smiles mysteriously,
To learn her secret we have failed.
We asked her once, "Who will it be?"
But under her blank gaze we paled.

Rocier scorns the sterner sex
At least she tells us so—
Yet one never can tell who'll be next;
She, still, may be the first to go.

There's one more member of our class,
Of her we shall not say a word.
In case you think this mere *sass*
Can't you guess why she won't be heard?

You know our secrets from first to last.
We leave our memories lone to survive,
And to our descendants we have passed
The love song of '25.

—DOROTHY L. BOWMAN.



The Bluestocking

When I was a baby, I had a pink and blue rattle.
Celluloid, it was. Mother's pet Pom chewed it up.

When I was five, I had a calico doll. Mother generally carried it around with her.

When I was eight, I had a skipping rope with red handles. By the time mother had lost twelve pounds, the rope was worn in two.

When I was eleven, I had a pair of plaid woolen sox. Mother was learning to play golf that year. After she had had six lessons, to call them spats would have been to flatter them.

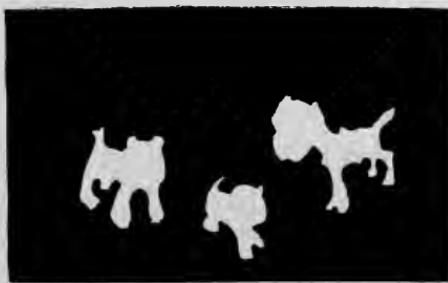
When I was fourteen, I bobbed my hair. Mother had my switch dyed to match her hair.

When I was eighteen, I had a big dance. Mother got the biggest rush of anyone.

When I was twenty, I met Bill. Mother would not consent to the match, but when she met Bill I knew she would change her mind.

She met him.

O father, how I wish you were still alive!!!





An Appreciation

As editor-in-chief of THE BLUESTOCKING of 1925, I wish to thank, in behalf of the staff, three ardent assistants of our annual this year as well as in years gone by.

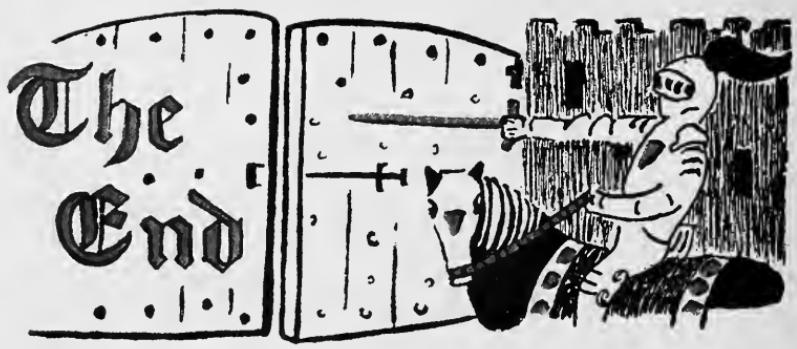
It would be unnecessary to even mention these names, to the staff and to many who are interested in our annual, but for the benefit of those who have no inside knowledge of the work they have done, I want to thank Miss Alice Price, Miss Gertrude Meyer, and Miss Fannie Strauss, who have given us their time and help whenever called upon to do so, and who have made this, our BLUESTOCKING for 1925 the success that we, the staff, hope it is.

—MARGARET SCOTT.



Afterword

If, when time has dimmed the vivid memory, the pages of this book will aid in bringing back fond remembrances, in recalling old faces, friendships and the joys and sorrows of our student days, then the 1924-1925 BLUESTOCKING will have it's *raison d' être.*





The Bluestocking Alumnae Association

Officers

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The Alumnae Association cordially invites the 1925 graduates and outgoing students to become members of this organization. The dues are one dollar per year.

The alumnae and former students of the Mary Baldwin throughout the country are working to raise \$500,000.00, their share toward the College Fund. Mrs. Benton McMillin, an "old" girl, from Nashville, Tenn., has been chosen as the honorary chairman of this campaign.

The Bluestocking

Directory—Teachers

Higgins, Miss Marianna P.	Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Va.
Bateman, Miss Effie	Sherwood Avenue, Staunton, Va.
Beckwith, Miss Margaret	Litchfield, Connecticut
Billant, Miss Antoinette	2 Rue Descartes, Brest, France
Billant, Miss Lucie	2 Rue Descartes, Brest, France
Blish, Miss Eleanor	97 Forest Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Caldwell, Miss Ellen G.	Wytheville, Va.
Edmundson, Miss Lucy	North Market Street, Staunton, Va.
Edmundson, Miss Gertrude	North Market Street, Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, C. F. W.	931 North Augusta Street, Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Miss Mary Caroline	931 North Augusta Street, Staunton, Va.
Harris, Miss Eleanora	Carlinville, Ill.
Hurlburt, Miss Mary F.	59 Fremont Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Hodgson, Miss Annie P.	Cobham, Albemarle County, Va.
Hoffman, Miss Perry Huntley	2032 West North Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
Ireland, Miss Lillian	122 East 82nd Street, New York City
Kiester, Miss Pearle	Staunton, Va.
King, Mr. W. W.	Staunton, Va.
Latané, Miss Edith	Plaza Apartments, Baltimore, Md.
McFarland, Miss Abbie	Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Va.
McFarland, Miss Nancy	Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Va.
McGuinnity, Miss Minnie	Staunton, Va.
McMichael, Miss Margaret	Grand Cane, La.
Meyer, Miss Gertrude	1216 Linden Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
Montgomery, Miss Alma E.	326 S. W. 13th Avenue, Miami, Fla.
Morse, Miss Lydia Dodge	Fort Meadow, Marlborough, Mass.
Parkins, Miss Virginia	123 North Madison Street, Staunton, Va.
Price, Miss Nina	Staunton, Va.
Price, Miss Alice Dudek	Streett, Md.
Price, Miss Louise Dobson	14 Grant Street, West Bridgewater, Mass.
Schmidt, R. W.	North Market Street, Staunton, Va.
Scholar, Miss Norma	2102 10th Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.
Strauss, Miss Fannie B.	315 North New Street, Staunton, Va.
Stuart, Miss Flora	Wytheville, Va.
Templeton, Mr. James L.	Staunton, Va.
Timberlake, Miss Marie Edna	1018 Princess Anne St., Fredericksburg, Va.
Wallace, Miss Ellen	Staunton, Va.
Walker, Miss Lucy	Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Va.
Weaver, Miss Miriam	1024 2nd Avenue, Middletown, Ohio
White, Miss India O.	R. F. D. No. 4, Charlottesville, Va.
Williamson, Miss Helen	The Sheridan, 1523 22nd St., Washington, D. C.
Yount, Mrs. Frank L.	802 Alleghany Avenue, Staunton, Va.



Roll Call Mary Baldwin

Adams, Eleanor Blanche	Woodsdale, Wheeling, W. Va.
Alexander, Mary Elizabeth	Staunton, Va.
Alvis, Anne Isabel	Fishersville, Va.
Anderson, Effie Harness	Franklin, W. Va.
Arundale, Margaret Dorothy	Charlottesville, Va.
Ashcom, Sarah Adelaide	1026 East End Ave., Edgewood, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Atwater, Margaret Lee	603 Walker Ave., Greensboro, N. C.
Auch, Ruth Elizabeth	Staunton, Va.
Ballenger, Frances Cross	Round Hill, Va.
Bantley, Florence Elizabeth	1210 Cambia Ave., Windber, Pa.
Barns, Eleanor Blair	Mount Jackson, Va.
Bear, Jessie Sara	359 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bear, Dorothy Stickley	359 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bear, Frances Virginia	359 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bedinger, Henrietta Lee	Charlotte Court House, Va.
Beery, Clara	358 S. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.
Bibbee, Frances Virginia	339 Hickman St., Clarksburg, W. Va.
Bivens, Virginia Lenore721 D St., N. W., Ardmore, Okla.
Blackford, Mary Audrey	Shenandoah Junction, W. Va.
Blackley, Mary Gilkeson	302 East Main St., Staunton, Va.
Bond, Juliet Lyle Brooke	141 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Bosserman, Juanita	204 Church St., Staunton, Va.
Bowen, Louise Stuart	222 Locust St., Bluefield, W. Va.
Bowen, Margaret Walker	222 Locust St., Bluefield, W. Va.
Bowling, Thelma Maupin	1412 Honaker Ave., Princeton, W. Va.
Bowman, Dorothy Lewis	204 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Bowman, Betty	204 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Boxley, Agnes McClung,	Orange, Va.
Bradford, Anne Margaret	621 East Main St., Staunton, Va.
Brand, Janet Peyton	Waynesboro, Va.
Brand, Dorothy Kay	Waynesboro, Va.
Braxton, Mary Tomlin	365 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Braxton, Agnes Trimble	365 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Brewster, Alene Elizabeth	410 Locust St., Staunton, Va.
Brockenbrough, Louise Burnley	321 Berkeley Place, Staunton, Va.
Brown, Laura Morrison	216 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Brown, Mary Carolyn	104 Decatur St., Cumberland, Md.

The Bluestocking

Brown, Etta Lois	Churchville, Va.
Brown, Mary Elizabeth	Swoope, Va.
Bull, Virginia	Hanover Ave., Larchmont, Norfolk, Va.
Burdette, Helen Lolita	624 S. High St., West Chester, Pa.
Burgess, Wyldon Elizabeth	1129 6th Ave., Fort Worth, Texas
Burrow, Annastasie Devereux	342 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Burrow, Elizabeth	342 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Burrow, Laura McClung	342 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Campbell, Virginia Mae	303 East 15th St., Little Rock, Ark.
Carhart, Evelyn Taber	212 S. 39th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Carleton, Elsie Florence	Staunton, Va.
Carleton, Helen Elizabeth	Staunton, Va.
Carpenter, Margaret Elizabeth	Weyers Cave, Va.
Carr, Nannie Davis	Waterford, Va.
Chapin, Mary Anne Wise	5510 Huntington Ave., Newport News, Va.
Chesnut, Katherine Lining	115 Lomax St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Chiswell, Sarah Constance	Dickerson, Md.
Clark, Mary McDowell	3807 Ross Ave., Dallas, Texas
Clatterbaugh, Leola Virginia	1615 West Main St., Staunton, Va.
Colvin, Katherine Penrose	McKinley Place, Somerset, Pa.
Cook, Mary Frances	514 Selma Ave., Selma, Ala.
Coons, Angie Temple	1205 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Cornelius, Alice	1453 Avenue G, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cornman, Elise de Grant,276 W. Market St., Marietta, Pa.
Cottrell, Anne Christine	116 N. Madison St., Staunton, Va.
Crafton, Frances Louise	114 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Crafton, Catharine Elizabeth	114 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Craig, Lucille Virginia	Route No. 3, Staunton, Va.
Crockett, Mary Cairns	119 W. Princess Anne Rd., Norfolk, Va.
Curry, Dorothy	115 Prospect St., Staunton, Va.
Crouse, Sallie Jane	1543 Lee St., Charleston, W. Va.
Danner, Mary Artis	Brookwood, Va.
Davidson, Virginia Lewis	311 Berkeley Place, Staunton, Va.
Davis, Alice Irene417 Park St., Morgantown, W. Va.
Davis, Helen Louise	Hendricks, W. Va.
Day, Nancy Dearing	Douglaston, Long Island, N. Y.
Deans, Margaret Rountree306 West Nash St. Wilson, N. C.
De Mund, Margaret Louise301 N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Dieffenbacher, Helen Margaret	Coudersport, Pa.

The Bluestocking

Dunavant, Louise West	610 Queens Rd., Charlotte, N. C.
Dunton, Marguerite Walker	Bayford, Va.
Dyer, Dorothy	Franklin, Pendleton County, W. Va.
Eastman, Eleanor Russell	East Falls Church, Va.
Eisenberg, Winifred Virginia	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Dorothy Marie	931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Exline Dorothy Dunlap,	Melrose Court, Dallas, Texas
Flippin, Isabel Anderson	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Foote, Lois Elaine	Nunda, N. Y.
Fox, Lawton	505 Allison Ave, S. W., Roanoke, Va.
Fultz, Marguerite Lyle	R. F. D., Staunton, Va.
Gates, Mildred Sinclair	1346 Park Rd., Washington, D. C.
Gayhart, Martha Elizabeth	115 Point St., Staunton, Va.
George, Flora Elmira	Leesburg, Va.
George, Helen Forney	19 N. Union St., Middletown, Pa.
Gibson, Elise	Ivy Depot, Va.
Gill, Mildred Ann	Trivoli Hotel, Ancon, Canal Zone
Gill, Susan Barrey	Trivoli Hotel, Ancon, Canal Zone
Glisan, Phyllis Harper	The Dingle, Cumberland, Md.
Gochenour, Carolyn Catherine	14 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Gochenour, Dorothy Belle,	209 Filmore St., Staunton, Va.
Gooch, Adele,	20 Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Goodloe, Kathleen Coleman	103 Church St., Staunton, Va.
Gorin, Lucile Weisiger	206 East 45th Street, Savannah, Ga.
Grasty, Lucile Olivia	College Park, Staunton, Va.
Grasty, Mary Campbell	College Park, Staunton, Va.
Greene, Frances Virginia	Box 8, Greenville, Va.
Gwyn, Nell Blair	North Wilkesboro, N. C.
Haines, Harriet	305 West Miner St., West Chester, Pa.
Hall, Doris Aletha	Park View, Staunton, Va.
Hamilton, Mary Wilson	8 Tams St., Staunton, Va.
Hammer, Virginia Bradley	Luray, Va.
Hancock, Marguerite	Appomattox, Va.
Hankins, Doris Henley	Charlottesville, Va.
Harris, Mary Margaret	19 Virginia Ave., Staunton, Va.
Harris, Mary Lou	205 Churchville Ave., Staunton, Va.
Harris, Pauline Elizabeth	Mint Spring, Va.
Harvey, Sarah Martha	Clifton Forge, Va.
Harwood, Florence Virginia	1201 Travis Blvd., Austin, Texas

Haynes, Jean	38 Fenimore Apts., Jacksonville, Fla.
Heimbach, Elizabeth	Hotel Allen, Allentown, Pa.
Herriott, Susan	Romney, W. Va.
Hill, Hettie	206 S. Galt Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Hillidge, Anna Mae	Front Royal, Va.
Hiner, Mabel Pauline	McDowell, Va.
Hiner, Helen Harrison	Franklin, W. Va.
Hisey, Dorothy Page	21 South St. Clair St., Staunton, Va.
Hodge, Mary Linnard	222 Winona Ave., Germantown, Pa.
Hogshead, Harriet Harfield	14 Madison Place, Staunton, Va.
Honacker, Frankie Bee	1516 Main St., Princeton, W. Va.
Howard, Katherine Banner	108 East Park Ave., Tarboro, N. C.
Hoye, Lavaune Augusta	423 Madison Ave., New York City
Howard, Amelia Hubbard	1405 Tyler Park Drive Louisville, Ky.
Hubert, Eleanor	189 Beacon St., Hartford, Conn.
Huff, Katherine Vinyard	The Barrens, Roanoke, Va.
Hull, Rosalie202 East Gwinnett St., Savannah, Ga.
Hullihen, Louise Winchester	The Knoll, Newark, Del.
Hume, Elizabeth Caldwell	Leesburg, Va.
Hume, Elsie Gray	Leesburg, Va.
Hunt, Elizabeth Lee	46 Alexandra Apts., Cincinnati, Ohio
Irvine, Pattie Moffett	Staunton, Va.
Jackson, Harriet Louise	Freegrove, Staunton, Va.
Jackson, Elizabeth Mitchell	2025 Main Ave., San Antonio, Texas
Jaudon, Mary Carter	Elberton, Ga.
Jeffreys, Mary Frances	Rocky Mount, N. C.
Johnson, Elizabeth Tipton	First Presbyterian Manse, Charlotte, N. C.
Johnson, Mary Louise	229 Le Flore Ave., Clarksdale, Miss.
Jones, Kathleen	747 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.
Jones, Rebecca Wise	Lancaster, S. C.
Jordan, Alma Trout916 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Junkin, Nettie Du Bose35 Jackson Ave., Lexington, Va.
Kelley, Bonnie Dale	Inverness, Fla.
Kemble, Mary Elizabeth	1819 Fifth Ave., Fort Worth, Texas
Kemball, Marian Esther	304 N. Euclid Ave., Westfield, N. J.
Kerr, Virginia Katherine	Harrisonburg, Va.
Kinard, Jane Elizabeth309 Euclid Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
King, Ellen Lucy	1605 28th St., San Diego, Calif.
Kiracofe, Charlene Madison24 Church St., Staunton, Va.
Kirby, Iola	West Point, Ga.

The Bluestocking

Kitchen, Lauretta Louise	994 Prospect Place, Ashland, Ky.
Knight, Elizabeth Doswell	Buena Vista, Va.
Kochitzky, Louisa Blanche	Mount Airy, N. C.
Lambert, Kitty Burnett	Woodlee, Staunton, Va.
Lambert, Sarah Bell,	Woodlee, Staunton, Va.
Lambert, Elizabeth	Woodlee, Staunton, Va.
Lange, Mary Jane	Churchville, Va.
Landram, Freda Lee	Valley Pike, Staunton, Va.
Laneer, Susan Cheery	West Point, Ga.
La Rowe, Elizabeth King	University of Virginia, Va.
Latta, Hallie Mae	Woodsdale, Wheeling, W. Va.
Lee, Rebekah Mason	1339 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Lee, Dallas Ann	15 Peyton St., Staunton, Va.
Lehman, Jeanette Cassell	Midway, Ky.
Lewis, Helen Genevieve	Emigsville, Pa.
Leibman, Florence Hortense	247 Redonda Rd., Youngstown, Ohio
Loewner, Mildred Davidson	340 East Market St., Harrisonburg, Va.
Logan, Martha Miller	Blacksburg, Va.
Lohr, Florence Lucille	R. F. D. No. 2, Staunton, Va.
Lory, Anna May	Box 27, South Charleston, W. Va.
Lotts, Stella	Natural Bridge, Va.
Luckett, Mildred Arnold	Lucketts, Va.
Lucy, Sarah Eleanor	1018 Austin St., Houston, Texas
Lucy, Aline	1018 Austin St., Houston, Texas
Lynn, Elizabeth Miller	South Roanoke, Va.
MacConnell, Elizabeth Browning	395 West Main St., Salem, Va.
McAden, Lena	320 W. Church St., Jacksonville, Fla.
McAlister, Betsy Clarissa	Army-Navy Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark.
McCabe, Alice Virginia	2328 Rosely Ave., Duluth, Minn.
M'Cauley, Florence Katharine	202 N. Broad St., Ridgway, Pa.
McClinic, Thomasia Brown	"The Esseton," Staunton, Va.
McCollum, Mary Crawford	2517 Vernon St., Swissvale, Pa.
McCue, Margaret Houston	R. F. D. No. 4, Staunton, Va.
McDavid, Martha Haynes	4215 Glenwood, Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
McLain, Harriette	819 Wellman St., Massillon, Ohio
McNeel, Margaret Nancy	Marlinton, W. Va.
McNeer, Elsie Charline	120 Summers St., Bluefield, W. Va.
Maffitt, Margaret Montgomery	Perry Point, Md.

The Bluestocking

Martin, Rocier Craig	Ronceverte, W. Va.
Martin, Sarah Baldwin	Rivoli, Macon, Ga.
Martin, Sara Mason	3019 Norwood Blvd., Birmingham, Ala.
Matthews, Emily Thomas	Larkinsville, Ala.
Miles, Virginia Bennette	734 Weston Ave., Norfolk, Va.
Miller, Martha Missouri	Christiansburg, Va.
Miller, Maude Helen	10 Riverview St., Springfield, Mass.
Miller, Hattie Early	Newport, Va.
Millikan, Frances	415 Summit Ave., Greensboro, N. C.
Mitchell, Louise Frances	Mapleview, Marion, Va.
Mitchell, Minnie	413 Williams St., Waycross, Ga.
Moffett, Nancy Ophelia	Staunton, Va.
Morgan, Helen Lee	825 West Magnolia Ave., San Antonio, Texas
Morriss, Dorothy Elizabeth	215 Market St., Staunton, Va.
Mountcastle, Mildred Beverly	422 Riverside Ave., Covington, Va.
Mower, Marjorie Lockridge	Mint Spring, Va.
Moye, Martha Winifred	5th St., Greenville, N. C.
Moyer, Geneva Lucretia	22 S. Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Mulliss, Julia Woods	407 S. Queen St., Martinsburg, W. Va.
Naff, Dorothy	201 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Newberry, Virginia Jamerson	Bland, Va.
Nottingham, Lillian Hodges	Chesapeake, Va.
Noyes, Marian Speir	1045 Prospect Ave., Plainfield, N. J.
Orr, Evelyn	1919 Linden Ave., Nashville, Tenn.
Pancake, Mary Moore	120 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Parrish, Lilly M.	Midway, Ky.
Patterson, Margaret	3610 Hawthorne Ave., Richmond, Va.
Peacock, Mildred Stuart	621 Irving Place, Duluth, Minn.
Pergrin, Jessiegail	143 Barton Ave., Akron, Ohio
Perkins, Margaret Wilson	417 Church St., Greensboro, N. C.
Perry, Mary Frances	16 N. Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Perry Katharine	16 N. Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Petticord, Martha Ellen	Birch Lynn, Wheeling, W. Va.
Peyton, Betty Washington	305 East Main St., Staunton, Va.
Pierce, Jane Frances	314 N. New St., Staunton, Va.
Poindexter, Helen Adele	5125 Live Oak St., Dallas Texas
Powell, Dorothy	14 N. Jefferson St., Staunton, Va.
Price, Eleanor Rosalie	Woodstock, Va.
Price, Robena Lyle Marshall	2227 Crescent Ave., Charlotte, N. C.



The Bluestocking

Quarles, Mary Nelson	Edgewood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Quarles, Cornelia Taylor	Edgewood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Ragan, Elizabeth Adams	219 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia, N. C.
Ralston, Sara Frances	317 East Main St., Staunton, Va.
Ramsey, Emily Virginia	20 The Triangle, Front Royal, Va.
Ratchford, Mary Frances	Box 123, Staunton, Va.
Ratchford, Ethel	Box 123, Staunton, Va.
Richardson, Mary Elizabeth	O'Keeffe, W. Va.
Richcreek, Edythe Rachel	212 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Ritchie, Nellie	Franklin, W. Va.
Roberts, Elizabeth Spotts	3602 Seminary Ave., Richmond, Va.
Roberts, Jane Clark	Chase City, Va.
Robertson, Margie White	110 Solar St., Bristol, Va.
Robertson, Reta Virginia	310 Kalorama St., Staunton, Va.
Roehm, Charlotte Margaret	140 Eagle St., Dayton, Ohio
Rohr, Jaunita Elizabeth	1118 Thornrose Ave., Staunton, Va.
Roller, Matilda Magdalene	R. F. D. No. 2, Staunton, Va.
Roosa, Virginia	391 Quail St., Albany, N. Y.
Rosamond, Dorothy	1114 N. 30th St., Birmingham, Ala.
Rosborough, Julia Reid	1626 Oak St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Rosebro, Christine Neilson	R. F. D. No. 7, Staunton, Va.
Rosenberger, Elsie Mathilda	503 S. Washington St., Winchester, Va.
Ruckman, Frances Moore	132 Williams St., Staunton, Va.
Rule, Mary Woolfolk	Westfield, N. J.
Rumpf, Hazel Elaine	244 Cliff Ave., Pelham Heights, N. Y.
Russell, Margaret Kable	S. M. A., Staunton, Va.
Russell, Marjorie Gibbs	212 North Market St., Staunton, Va.
Russell, Frances Holbert	212 North Market St., Staunton, Va.
Rutherford, Marguerite Caroline	R. F. D. No. 2, Staunton, Va.
Saunders, Frances	1120 Roanoke St., S. W., Roanoke, Va.
Scott, Margaret Elizabeth Caskie	Box 95, Burkeville, Va.
Scott, Jean Lindsay	Box 31, Brandy, Va.
Seashore, Helen Emelie	1902 East 3rd St., Duluth, Minn.
See, Katherine Allyn	Floyd, Va.
Sellers, Marie Nichols	Box 426, Henderson, N. C.
Shewmake, Anna Harriet	606 West Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
Shirley, Frances Heimer	313 Heller Ave., Pen Argyl, Pa.
Shroy, Alberta Dulany	Leesburg, Va.
Silver, Mary Gray	501 South Queen St., Martinsburg, W. Va.

The Bluestocking

Smith, Elizabeth Carroll	... The Engineers' Club, 32 W. 40th St., New York City
Smith, Lucy Hagood1431 Mallory Court, Norfolk, Va.
Snyder, Helen Belle1112 Walnut St., Staunton, Va.
Somers, Mary KatherineBurkeville, Va.
Spindle, Lucille Elizabeth403 E. Evergreen St., San Antonio, Texas
Sproul, EugeniaStaunton, Va.
Sprouse, Elo AnneClifton Forge, Va.
Stanley, Inez Gertrude4 Ferrell Rd., Durham, N. C.
Stapp, Betty Molyneaux3732 Gwynns Falls Rd., Baltimore, Md.
Stearns, Elizabeth HerndonRosslyn, Va.
Stockton, Helen JanetSeaside Hotel, Ocean Grove, N. J.
Stratton Margaret Wheeler523 Thornrose Ave., Staunton, Va.
Strong, Helen TravisEast 242 N. 10th Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.
Stuart, Kathryn Page218½ Lee St., Chickasaw, Ala.
Symons, Viola Dent700 10th St., Washington, D. C.
Symons, Josephine Dent700 10th St., Washington, D. C.
Tabb, Annie Gertrude213 East Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Taggart, Helen H.114 North Nice St., Frackville, Pa.
Taylor, Dixie Alexander227 Pleasant St., Staunton, Va.
Taylor, Mary Garland8 Oakenwold Terrace, Staunton, Va.
Terhune, Mary LeeHustonville, Ky.
Terrell, Mary223 West Agarita Ave., San Antonio, Texas
Thomas, Elizabeth DunlapWoodlee, Staunton, Va.
Thomas, Alleen VirginiaR. F. D. No. 1, Staunton, Va.
Thompson, Dorothy Ruth28 Court St., Ridgway, Pa.
Trotman, Mary SueChurchland, Va.
Trotter, Marjorie HoustonWoodstock, Va.
Tully, MaurineMount Hope, W. Va.
Turner, Annie Marjorie26 Morningside Park, Memphis, Tenn.
Valentine, Margaret GraceR. F. D. No. 1, Little Rock, Ark.
Vance, Eugenia Stowe104 Thornrose Ave., Staunton, Va.
Vance, Roberta Hume104 Thornrose Ave., Staunton, Va.
Van Wagener, Mae EliseCharlottesville, Va.
Veigle, Ruth Florence1115 Ligonier St., Latrobe, Pa.
Venable, Elizabeth Byrd550 Vine St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Vinsinger, Ruth ElizabethNewark, Del.
Wagaman, Mary Cordelia400 Virginia Ave., Hagerstown, Md.
Wallace, Ellen108 West Main St., Staunton, Va.
Wallace, Irene Hyden108 West Main St., Staunton, Va.



The Bluestocking

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Walhour, Virginia Clayton	R. F. D. No. 2, Wilmington Island, Savannah, Ga.
Walhour, Helen Clayton	R. F. D. No. 2, Wilmington Island, Savannah, Ga.
Walton, Mary Linton	"Esseton," Staunton, Va.
Ward, Margaret Nottingham	Belle Haven, Va.
Watkins, Nancy Belle	Crewe, Va.
Watson, Pattie Mae	University of Virginia, Va.
Weade, Mary Ella	802 Nelson St., Staunton, Va.
Weidner, Elizabeth Eleanor	Dola, W. Va.
Weller, Marguerite Gertrude	R. F. D. No. 5, Staunton, Va.
Wessendorf, Rob Lee	101 North Alabama Ave., Apt. No. 1, Houston, Texas
West, Frances Dent	"Montgomery," Savannah, Ga.
White, Rebecca Anne	Keller, Va.
White, Mary Woodfin	409 Maple Ave, Waynesboro, Va.
Wier, Vernette	1312 Franklin St., Beaumont, Texas
Wilkerson, Margaret Allen	Box 365, Marion, Ala.
Wilkes, Grace Lilly	212 West Neville St., Beckley, W. Va.
Williams, Rebecca Brand	330 Vine St., Staunton, Va.
Williams, Eunice	Dunkirk, N. Y.
Williams, Mary Hamilton	Bridgetown, Va.
Williams, Susanna Ellen	Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Wilmeth, Janice Louise	4844 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Wilson, Louise Brownie	10 Church St., Staunton, Va.
Wine, Isabelle	Waynesboro, Va.
Withers, Margaret Vernon	Stonewall Apt., Danville, Va.
Witz, Sarah Dean	232 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Wood, Caroline Lee	719 Northumberland Ave., Roanoke, Va.
Wood, Sarah Kathleen	229 Solar St., Bristol, Va.
Wood, Virginia Kirk	Shelton Hotel, New York, N. Y.
Woodward, Cecil,	Box 136, Station D, New York, N. Y.
Woodward, Pauline	Box 136, Station D, New York, N. Y.
Woodward, Anne Montgomery	229 E. Beverly St., Staunton, Va.
Wright, Jessika Atherton	Louisville, Ga.
Wright, Coyce Dews	539 Prospect Ave., Hot Springs, Ark.
Young, Anna Gabriel	Coopersburg, Pa.
Yount, Frances Cushing	802 Allegheny Ave., Staunton, Va.

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and all.



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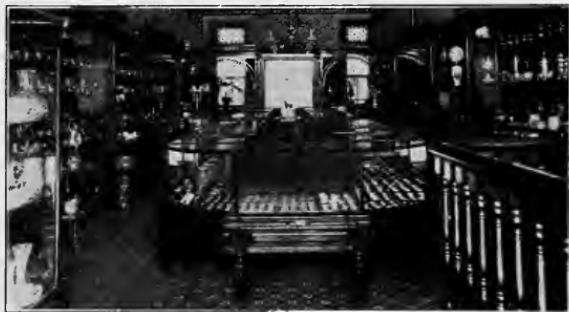
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**THE STAUNTON
NATIONAL BANK
OF STAUNTON, VA.
DECEMBER 31, 1924**

RESOURCES

Loans and Investments	\$803,869.11
U. S. Bonds	87,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	20,878.63
Cash on hand	43,550.36
Due from Banks	116,166.11
	159,716.47
	<hr/>
	1,071,464.21

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits	68,526.74
Dividends payable Jan. 2, '25..	5,000.00
Circulating Notes	81,000.00
Deposits	816,937.47
	<hr/>
	1,071,464.21

3% Interest paid in Savings Department

B. E. VAUGHAN, President,
E. W. RANDOLPH, Cashier,
J. N. McFARLAND, Vice-President,
FRED M. FIFER, Assistant Cashier.

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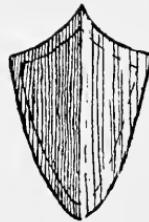
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Press of
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Staunton, Virginia



Aren't you sorry
you won't be back
to Chog [sic] for me next
year? I am.

Autographs

Love & Luck to you! Well boy -

Here's to the days
spent in driving
in the west of Orient
Greece - etc., etc.

Venice

When dwelling upon
the famous dramatics
remember our English
class, and me.
Audrey.

And to all the things
that everyone has wished
and all the nice things
every one is most bound
to say, count one in with
a huge Me Too!

Up (Perhaps)

Sunday am at last
I have known now.
With lots of love
from a fellow
from a fellow.
Sincerely yours
William H. Daffner.

Mary, will you
ever forget the
English summer,
Please don't,
This is Gray.

Having the joyous
and fortune, have
be your training company
of Auguste Klien

In your mud puddle of memory,
let a tadpole wiggle for me
Virginia Hammer

What's the use
of saying anything
I know you can't
forget me after
those two years -
Mary -

Autographs

Fall from a mountain
Fall from above
my dear Winifred
Don't fall in love

Frank Brand

We certainly will miss you next year.
Love George.

Some write for money.
And some for fame.
But it's certainly a privilege
To even sign my name.
Love Mildred Buckbee.

It will be as much pleasure to know you
in the future as in the past - I hope.

Love, Marguerite

Autographs

Well Winifred please don't forget the girl next to you in History of Art - surely will miss you next year - Good luck and the very best wishes - Elsie Cowman

Dear Winifred - I never saw such a page-like visage as yours in the Blue Stocking - and I know you will always turn up to it! Love - Isobel Alvis

Winifred you are a fine girl.
I shall miss you
next year. Be good dear -
Don't forget.

Dear Winifred - I shall not soon forget you or any of the Irrombras and their sweet nesses to me - I wish you all the luck in the world - love - Florence

It has
always been a
pleasure to see your
smiling face in my (now) old
days. Those days can't go back.
Very sincerely
Doris J. Miller
5/15/25

Flora Stewart

To meet, to leave and then to part
is the sad, sad fate of the school
girl heart.

Don't forget me
Caroline Head.

To you, one of the town girls whom we all
like so much and just please try to
remember her one of the M.B. boarders -
Frances Miller.

I won't soon forget that cherub
face that used - now remains
high in the library. Let me write you
try & remember May Hamilton?

Tengo muchas buenas memorias de Vd.,
señorita, y respongo que sea siempre feli...
Very truly yours,
Virginia Powers

Autographs

Unfeud, you don't
know how much I've
enjoyed being in Bible
with you the "star" of M.B.C.,
and knowing you. Best
of success, but I'm sure
you'll have that with
out my wishing it.

Much love, Virginia Powers

Well you're no more like Eisenberg's
you smart girl - I sure do
like you brown eyes - Can't
forget to remember you

Caroline Head

Congratulations!
Wish you'd be here does an
A. B. B. to those peers of ours
in college. Those darlings
don't you boys and
girls frequent



